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WOULD YE ENTER?

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Oh haste! The night is nearing,
The day grows late, so late!
The lamps of Heaven are lighted
The while you stand and wait.
Perchance, the while you linger,
The bridegroom enters in,
And knocking at the portals
You can no entrance win.

If, wakened from your dreaming,
By bridegroom drawing nigh,
To find your lamp unlighted
The while he passeth by,
Oh sore will be your sorrow,
When knocking at the gate
You find it barred and bolted,
And you are come too late!

Rouse up, oh foolish laggards,
Your lamps I pray you trim,
That when the bridegroom cometh
You all can welcome him.
And when, with marriage music,
You pass the open gate,
Your heart will thrill with rapture
That you are not too late.

Dick Dimity:

The Pet of the Family.

A Strange Story of a Haunted Boy and a Phantom Father.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, AUTHOR OF "JACK HARKAWAY," ETC., ETC.

THE RETURN OF THE TRUANT.

IT was the afternoon of the fifth day after the running away of Dick Dimity.

The sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky and the boys were running about, merrily at play.

play.

Inside the house, with its palatial surroundings, in which lived Mr. Dimity, there was deep and heartfelt sorrow.

It was a house of mourning.

That day, Mrs. Dimity had been laid in her last home in the cold, cheerless cemetery, and as her husband sat alone in his library, the memory of years rushed over him like a flood, and he wept.

and he wept.

He was interrupted by the entrance of his little daughter, Fanny, who rushed boisterously into the apartment.

"Papa! papa!" she exclaimed, excitedly.
"Hush, my child!" replied Mr. Dimity, reprovingly. "Have you so soon forgotten that we have had death in the house?"

"Oh, no, papa; I can never, never forget my dear, poor mamma!" she answered, wiping her eyes. "But, Dick has come back!"

Mr. Dimity sprung to his feet, and his red, swollen eyes flashed wildly.
"Dick come back?" he proported clearly.

"Yes, indeed! I have seen him."
"Wretched boy! It is fitting that he should have chosen this day for his reappearance.
Where is he?" 'In the hall, with a strange gentleman

"Tell him to come in here," said Mr. Dimity, adding, in a low voice, "thank Heaven for giving me back my boy, though he was the cause of my losing my wife—his mother!"

A few minutes elapsed, when Fanny reappeared, leading a boy by the hand, followed by a middle-aged man dressed in a suit of black

a middle-aged man, dressed in a suit of black.

"I've come back, father!" said the boy, "and I want to ask your forgiveness."

"Have you heard of your mother's sad death?" inquired Mr. Dimity. "We buried her

Yes." replied Island Jim, for it was he, in

res, replied island 3hh, for it was he, in his new character, "and I'm very sorry for is; but you can't blame me and it's no use beginning that sort of thing. If you do, I'll run away again, and stay away."

"What am I to understand by that?" inquired

Mr. Dimity.

"Make what you like out of it," replied Jim. The boy was playing a part in which he had been carefully tutored by Een Belshazzar.

The latter stepped up to Mr. Dimity, and folding his hands demurely in front of him, said, with a pious snuffle, "My worthy friend, allow me to speak in this misguided boy's behalf."

"Who are you, sir?" inquired Mr. Dimity.

"One of the elect, I sincerely hope. It is my humble province to be a deacon of the church in the township, wherein I dwell, but, verily, this is a sinful world."

"How did you meet with my boy?" contin-

"How did you meet with my boy?" continued Mr. Dimity, who was completely deceived by the likeness between Dick and Jim.

"He had penetrated into Pennsylvania, sir, and being an-hungered and athirst, he came to my door and did beg a meal of broken victuals."

my door and did beg a meal of broken victuals."
"Beg? my boy beg?"
"Of a verity, he had to beg or steal, and so chose the former alternative. Feeling interested in a lad of his comely presence, I took him in and did give him wherewith to satisfy his hunger; then he confessed to me his story and I prevailed upon him to come back to the fold, like the lost sheep, spoken of out of the hymn of the Ninety and Nine."

Jim made a gesture of impatience.

Ninety and Nine."

Jim made a gesture of impatience.

"The old chap means to say," he exclaimed,

"that I was dead broke and he paid my way
home. That is all there is in it, and if you don't
want me, I'll start out again."

Belshazzar held up his hands in deprecation.

"I had hoped, sir," he said, "that the young
man's recent experience, and the affliction with
which he has been visited, would have softened
his heart. I fear he requires some one to look his heart. I fear he requires some one to look after his moral character and forge the bonds of righteousness about his soul."
"My good sir," replied Mr. Dimity, "you speak well, you mean well; I am sure you are an heart wen."

"How well he knows me," murmured Belshaz-

"I feel that you are an honest citizen of—"
"Charityville, Pennsylvania."
"Thank you! I never heard of the place, "A mere trifle of a place, sir—a little village in the oil regions, but of a God-fearing popula-

"And you are an esteemed deacon of the church, all love you, your life is spent in doing good to your fellow-creatures?" continued Mr. Dimity.

"He reads me like a book," said Belshazzar, rubbing his hands unctuously together.

"Will you dear sir, will you undertake the tuition and guidance, in a spiritual sense, of my misguided boy?"

"For a consideration?"

"Certainly; you shall have a handsome stipend."

"Charityville will miss me," exclaimed Belshazzar, in a tone which had imposed upon many a prison chaplain; "the wail of the or-

shazzar, in a tone which had imposed upon many a prison chaplain; "the wail of the orphan deprived of his friend, will be heard in the land; but, as I have no family ties to hold me back, I accept the offer."

"You accept?"

"Ido, unhesitatingly. The voice of duty calls me. I will strive hard with the world and the flesh, to snatch this brand from the burning."

"Mr. Dimity, simple-minded and too honest to be suspicious, said: "I thank you."

They shook hands, and then the bereaved father caught Jim in his embrace and kissed his cheek.

cheek.

"My son," he exclaimed, pathetically, "all is forgotten and forgiven. Lead a new life."

"Pil try, father," answered Jim, "and as I see you feel bad I'll leave you alone for the present. Come, sis. Is my room as I left it?"

Fanny replied that it was, and ran up-stairs before him, which was very useful, as he had not the remotest idea which way to go.

Dick's room was plainly furnished, and filled with books, guns, fishing-rods, base-ball bats and other things which youth delights in.

"Oh, you naughty brother!" said Fanny, "to run away; but you'll never do it again."

"Not till next time. Run and tell one of the servants to bring some cigars and some beer;

servants to bring some cigars and some beer; and say, sissy, is that old Mandragon in tuat garden?" Fanny looked out of the window Yes, that is he—nasty, cross old thing!" she

replied.

Jim took up a putty-blower, and opening the

window, shot a couple of pellets at Mr. Mandragon, which struck that gentleman painfully in the eye and on the ear.

"Oh! my ear!" cried he; "who's that?"

"I'm back again!" shouted Jim.

Mr. Mandragon darted quickly into his house and was seen no more

Fanny went off on her errand and the servant on appeared with what was wanted, leaving

soon appeared with what was wanted, leaving the conspirators together.

"How did it go off?" queried Jim.

"First class! The religious lay quite took the old gentleman. These clothes are tip-top for a deacon of the church. I don't think we shall have any trouble now," replied the Gipsy.

"I mean to have fun, I do!" said Jim. "None of your half-and-half for me! You'll have to board out of the house, Een, or you'll be bored in."

be bored in."

"Certainly; I shall engage a room at Taylor's Hotel, so that no one will be interested in my movements, and I guess that New York will see more of us than Jersey City. Leave all to me; never open your mouth to fill other people's and we shall triumph," said Belshazzar, confidently.

dently.

"I feel certain of one thing," replied Jim, in the same cautious tone adopted by the Gipsy.

"The old man is as soft as a squash and I'll break his heart in a year."

Their position was secured; their trick had been successful. The wonderful likeness between Dick and Jim, the latter's intimate knowledge of the household, all combined to deceive everybody.

For the first few days he had some trouble in recognizing his associates, but he spent most of his time with Tommy Bennett, and from him erived all the information he wanted without

Mr. Belshazzar came every day to give him lessons, acting the part of his tutor, and Mr. Dimity appeared satisfied with the arrangement.
Time passed on, however, and Jim became ir-

Carl procured a rope, and with some difficulty Dick was brought to the surface.

man.

After this a coolness amounting almost to an estrangement sprung up between the father and the supposed son.

As Mr. Dimity was liberal in his donations of money to Jim, it may be wondered where the funds went.

Belshazzar was the gulf into which the green-

backs were poured.

The Gipsy was a great gambler and could not restrain his propensity for play.

He rendered Jim's life a misery and a burden to him by his repeated and incessant demands

for money.
Since his wife's death Mr. Dimity had been very intimate with the Mandragons, both of them sympathizing deeply with him in his loss. When the forgery took place Mr. Dimity went to his friends and informed them of the distress-ing feat

ing fact.
"It grieves me to tell you this," he said, "but you are my friends and neighbors."

"The boy is turning out badly, as I always predicted," replied Mr. Mandragon, "and that shows the folly of making one child the pet of the family."

the family."
"Alas! I see my mistake now."

"Alas! I sze my mistake now."

"I have an idea, by means of which you might reform him."

Mr. Dimity looked up in surprise.

"Will you impart it to me?" he asked.

"Strictly in private."

"Is that a hint to me to leave the room?" inquired Mrs. Mandragon.

"Yes, my dear," replied her husband; "not even to you dare I impart the secret. It must be known but to us two."

Mrs. Mandragon, always obedient to her husband's will, did not hesitate a moment.

The two gentlemen were left alone together.

Their conversation was long and earnest.

The two gentlemen were left alone together.
Their conversation was long and earnest.
At the conclusion Mr. Dimity grasped the hand of Mr. Mandragon warmly.

"It will be a terrible ordeal," he said, "but I am convinced I ought to do it. If he commits any more enormities the plan shall be put in execution."

"Is it a settled bargain?"

"It is,"

What the bargain was will be seen as the story progresses.

"Not I!" replied Carl; "I wanted my break fast."

"Vell, you eat your breakfast and I go look at dot ting," enjoined Mr. Herschell.

"No, father, let me go," pleaded Lena; "I am dying with curiosity."

"Mebbe sometings else" answered her father.

"Please let me go!"

"Donner und blitzen! Dot girl is like her mudder; she most always have her own way."

"You always let me have mine, too," said Lena, kissing him.

progresses.

Meanwhile, Belshazzar had been very unlucky in his gambling ventures and was more than ever pressing in his demands upon Jim for

money.

One evening he was playing cards in the Gipsy's room of the hotel. Wine sparkled in the glasses and the air was perfumed with cigars of the choicest brands.

Relshazzar, throwing

"Jamie," exclaimed Belshazzar, throwing down his cards, "my lucky star is in the ascendant to-night, and I haven't a red to buck the tiger with" "All I can get I give to you," replied Jim.
"I worry the old man nearly to death for money, and since that affair with the bank he has not been so free with the stamps."
"You must get some."
"How?"
"Live recentained that Mrs. Dimitals in the stamps."

"How?"
"I have ascertained that Mrs. Dimity's jewels are in a drawer in the bureau of her old room. Bring them to me. The diamonds are worth some thousands."
"Steal them?"
"Call it what you like; we won't cavil about terms."

terms."

"The old man won't stand it," said Jim. "I tell you it's a bu'sted racket, and we may as well throw the whole thing up at once."

"Ah, pshaw! Blood is stronger than water.

Heaven you may repent of your evil courses, said the saddened father.

Jim reeled up-stairs to his room and threw imself all dressed as he was on the bed.

Fanny stole noiselessly into the room.

"Dick," she cried. "Don't you feel well?"

"Very dizzy, sis," he replied.

"You made such a noise coming up, and I heard papa scolding you. Oh! do try to be a good boy! Papa wants to love you so and you won't let him."

"Don't preach," answered Jim; "I hate sermons. Lemme go sleep; can't you?"
With difficulty suppressing her tears, Fanny quitted the room to kneel down by her own bedside and waft to Heaven a pure-hearted maiden's prayer for her erring brother.
That night leftend Jim dreamt of rabbour. That night Island Jim dreamt of robbery

WHAT WAS FOUND IN THE OLD WELL.
MR. and Mrs. Herschell, with their son Carl, and their daughter Lena, owned and lived on the "Woodbine Farm" in New Jersey, a few miles from Elizabeth.

Carl came in to breakfast one morning and 'I don't know, father, what the matter is

"I don't know, father, what the matter is with Max."
Max was the dog.
"Hein!" said Mr. Herschell. "Max vos von goot dorg. Vot he gone do wrong now?"
"I can't get him away from the old well."
"Pr'aps der vos von skunk mit dot well!"
"No, I guess I've killed all the skunks round this farm," answered Carl.
"Der tog never do not'ings for not'ings," re-

"Der tog never do not'ings for not'ings," remarked Mr. Herschell.
"Did you take the boards up and look down?"

Lena, kissing him.
"Ya. I lofe my Lena. Go den and gom pack soon, mit der news," cried her father.

Lena, with the fair hair and blue, liquid, talking eyes, ran off.

She was gone about five minutes, and when she returned her face was pale and her manner

sne returned ner lace was pale and her manner strangely agitated.

"Oh! father," she exclaimed, sinking into a chair and covering her face with her hands.

"Donner-wetter! der mädschen, has seen ein ghost?" Mr. Herschell asked.

"Worse," replied Lena, recovering herself.

"What is it?"

"There is a man in the well, all covered with blood and—oh! it is so dreadful! I think he is

At this intelligence, farmer Herschell and Carl quitted the breakfast-table and ran eagerly toward the old well.

Lena had removed the boards, and looking down, they perceived a body, doubled up as if

The dog howled dismally, as if he appreciated the discovery as much as they.

"Mein Gott in himmel!" cried the farmer;

"this vos von murder! Get a rope, Carl! This vos von bloody murder. Hein!"

Carl procured a rope, and with some difficulty the body was brought to the surface. There was a slight pulsation of the heart, and a blade of dry grass, placed against the lips, fluttered, showing that there was a feeble respi-

fluttered, showing that there was a reeple respiration.

"He vos not dead yet!" said Herschell.

"Send for der herr doctor and der richter shudge! Look at dot head! It vos all crushed in, poor boy!"

Carl hastened to send one of the farm hands for a medical man, and then assisted to carry the body into the house, where it was charitably placed upon a bed.

the body into the house, where it was charitably placed upon a bed.
Good-hearted people were these Germans, and though the boy was ragged and looked poverty-stricken, like a tramp, they did not neglect to do their duty to their neighbor.

Like the Samaritan, they refused to pass by on the other side of the way, but poured oil and wine—figuratively—into his wounds.

The half-dead boy was Dick Dimity, whom Belshazzar and Island Jim thought they had silenced forever.

lenced forever.

Tenderly, as if it had been her own brother,
Lena washed the clotted blood from his hair and

face.

When the doctor arrived, he examined the body carefully.

"This has been a brutal attempt at murder," he said. "The skull is fractured, and I fear there is concussion of the brain. To move him will be certain death. With you, he may recover."

Mr. Herschell spoke to his wife.
"Doctor," he said, "he shall stay here. Ve are Christians. I vill bay your bill. Isch dot

The doctor dressed the wounds, left a prescription for a febrifuge, and promised to call again soon.

For many days and nights Dick remained unformation of the state of the s conscious, but he did not die. Thanks to the kind treatment, delicate nursing and medical skill he received, all aided by a strong constitution, he battled bravely with death and gained the mastery.

tion, he battled bravely with death and gained the mastery.

But when he grew well again, after the lapse of many weeks, he had a vacant stare in his eyes, an unmeaning expression about his face and an idiotic smile when spoken to.

All this was very sad and painful to his good friends, the Herschells, who appealed to the doctor about this strange symptom.

He was of opinion that the brain was injured and that the boy was an idiot. Whether he would ever recover his faculties or not, he would not venture to say, though he had known cases of loss of reason, arising from a similar cause.

loss of reason, arising from a similar cause, ed in time.
Watch and wait," he concluded.

Again the charity of the Herschells was called into active operation. Most people, under the circumstances, would have sent the helpless boy to the County House, where he would have been

the farm, and sit down at their table and live te one of themselves.
"What is your name?" asked Lena, over and

He would shake his head sadly.
"I don't know," he replied. "I had a name, nce, but it went away from me that night when all was so dark."

Have you no home?"
"No; I lived in a barn."

"Cannot you remember your friends?"

"It is all gone. I can recollect nothing," he would reply. "I will try, though; some day it may come back to me. If I could only think of something, I might get it all; but now it is blank, blank, blank!"

He was very grateful to them for their kindness, and always anxious to do any odd job they might have on the farm, compatible with And so, he got to be one of the family, and the "boy," as they called him, was pitied and liked by all.

We must leave Dick Dimity, struggling with his mind-darkness in the family of the Herschells, while we return to Island Jim and his rascally mentor, Eenas Belshazzar.

CHAPTER V.

THE BOY OBEYS A BAD COMMAND.

ALTHOUGH his daring venture had been successful so far, and he was living in luxury such as he had never before been accustomed to, as he had never before been accustomed to, dark clouds were gathering around Island Jim. A storm was about to burst over his head, and though the storm was no bigger than a man's hand at present, it threatened in process of time to assume formidable dimensions.

He was, one morning, amusing himself by playing ball with Tommy Bennett in the garden at the back of the house. The ball went over the fence into Mr. Mandragon's yard, owing to Tommy's carelessness and its flight was

over the fence into hir, Mahdragon's yard, ow-ing to Tommy's carelessness, and its flight was followed by a slight scream. "There you go again, butter-fingers!" shout-ed Jim. "Now somebody's hit and I've got

"A lot you care!" replied Tommy.
Without answering him Jim climbed the fence, and springing down on the other side beheld a charming young lady, who was holding her hand to her face, which had been grazed by

'How very careless you are!" she exclaimed,

"How very careless you are!" she exclaimed, in a tone of vexation.

Jim stared at her with admiration, and his fixed gaze was almost rude.

Tall, dark, slim in figure, but wonderfully symmetrical, with long eyelashes that fringed her lustrous eyes, and features so regular as to rival those classic nymphs, sculptured by Phidias and Praxiteles in the palmy days of Greek art, he thought she was the most lovely creature he had ever seen.

"I beg your pardon, miss!" he replied. "It was all Tom Bennett's carelessness."

"How you stare at me!" she fretted. "One wo ld think you had never seen me before."

"I—I—that is, of course, I recollect you, but I can't think where I have met you before," stammered Jim.

The girl laughed as if much amused.

"That's very complimentry to me, Mr. Dimity," she said, "considering that we were playfellows all last year, and that you did me the honor to admire me—at least you said so."

"Oh, yes. I know you now. It was only my

M

in Cuba, where she was born, and the boys always supposed that you and she were going to hitch teams, some of these days."

Jim ran into the house, and brushing bis hair,

her uncle's arm.
"Mercedita!" he exclaimed.

Jim retired in disgust and felt very mean.
"My dear child," said Mr. Mandragon, to her,
my conduct may seem harsh, but I do not wish you to renew your former intimacy with

that young man."
"Your wishes are always law to me, uncle," replied Mercedita.
"He is bad, worthless and wicked. Only lately he perpetrated a forgery on his father."
"Indeed! What seemed strange to me was that he did not know me. There is something

that he did not know me. There is something peculiar about him; he does not seem the same Dick Dimity to me."

Mr. Mandragon started.

"The same idea had occurred to me," he said.

"It is singular it should strike us both. There is a mystery somewhere, though it is useless to suggest it to Dimity; he scouts the idea."

"What do you think, uncle?"

"My darling, I cannot give my thoughts words. We must leave it to time to unravel what appears so strange and contradictory."

While this conversation took place between the lovely Mercedita and her uncle, Jim walked down to the hotel to visit his guide, philosopher down to the hotel to visit his guide, philosopher

To his surprise he met Eenas Belshazzar in the "This is an unexpected pleasure," said he.
"To me, also. I am glad I have met you,"

replied the Gipsy.

There was that in his manner which showed There was that in his manner which showed that something of an unusual nature had occurred, for he was strangely agitated.

"Anything gone wrong?" inquired Jim, his heart coming into his throat, as he feared that they were detected.

heart coming into his throat, as he feared that they were detected.

"Yes; I must have those jewels at once."

"Can't you wait till night, when the house is quiet and all are asleep?" asked Jim.

"I cannot; the fact is I must cut and run as soon as possible," replied Eenas. "How long I shall be away I don't know, but I will communicate steadily with you, who must run the machine by yourself during my absence."

"Leave me alone?"

"It's unavoidable. You are well planted, now, and need not be afraid of anything."

"It's unavoidable. You are well planted, now, and need not be afraid of anything."
"You have told me so much that you can afford to tell me a little more," said Jim. "We ought to have no secrets from one another."
"Well, I'll trust you," answered the Gipsy, while a nervous tremor ran through his body.
"Ten years ago I was in Virginia City, Nevada, and had made a pile propolation." and had made a pile, speculating in stocks, which was easy enough in those days, if you were on the spot, and in with the ring. There was a rich fellow there, a Spanish marquis, Manuel de Garcia. His wife was very charming and I was a recommendation. ing, and I ran away with her."

"Ah, I begin to see!" exclaimed Jim.
"We went to Los Angeles, in Lower California, where he found us out. I fled; he killed his wife and took a solemn oath at the old Mission church there, that he would never rest till he had slain me, and I have always had an idea he would keep his word."

"Last night I met him in the street, and he recognized me in the crowd. I slipped away, but I am uneasy. I dare not stay in the same city with el Señor Manuel de Garcia, for that man's presence means death to me.

'Go armed! What have you to be afraid The Gipsy shivered like a leaf. "I am not either morally or physically, a coward," he rejoined, "yet I lose my manhood when I think of Garcia. For ten years a blight has been on me. Nothing that I have touched has prospered with me, except this last venture of ours. I must co."

ours. I must go!"
"Whither?" asked Jim. "I know not. Anywhere out of his way. I think I'll try one of the West India Islands for a while. Now you see why I must have money

Island Jim's resolution was soon taken

Island Jim's resolution was soon taken.

"Wait for me at the hotel," he ordered. "It is risky, but I'll do it for your sake."

They parted, and Jim returned to the house, to learn from the servant that Mr. Dimity was lunching at Mr. Mandragon's.

He knew that Mrs. Dimity's jewels, valued at a very large sum, were locked in the drawer of a bureau in her husband's sleeping apartment. There was no doubt about this, because Mr. Dimity had once, in a moment of confidence, shown them to him.

Being an adept in picking locks he provided

Being an adept in picking locks, he provided himself with a piece of wire and ascended to the room. The servants were all below at dinner, and Fanny had gone to school. Pulling down the curtains of the windows he set to work, and in five minutes his brief with the set of the server of the windows he set to work, and in five minutes his brief with the set of the server of the windows he set to work, and in five minutes his brief with the server of the windows he set to work, and the server of the windows he set to work, and the server of the windows he set to work, and the server of the windows he set to work, and the server of the windows he set to work, and the server of the windows he set to work, and the server of the windows he set to work and the server of the windows he set to work and the server of the windows he set to work and the server of the windows he set to work and the server of the windows he set to work and the server of the windows he set to work and the server of the windows he set to work and the windows he will be windows he set to work and the windows he will be windows he will n five minutes his practiced hand had succeed-

ed in opening the drawer.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 464.)

It was night upon the Grand Prairie of Nebraska, but it was some years ago—before the U. P. railroad had carried its civilizing influence over that vast domain of the wild buffalo and wilder savage. It was a March night, wild and tempestuous; so, at least, thought that little band of homesteaders that was encamped in the very heart of that great plain.

The party consisted of seven men, one of whom was Old Occident, a famous hunter, who was acting as guide for the others. Two wagons and a spring-board buggy, each drawn by two horses, composed the outfit of the homesteaders, as men seeking hemes upon the Government lands were called.

In leaving the settlement that morning, Occident that

fun. How are you, and when did you come back?" asked Jim, trying to brazen it out.

"Last night; but tell me who I am?"

"What nonsense! Old friends don't want to joke like this. Excuse me a moment. I am scarcely fit to be seen after playing ball. I'll go and fix myself up, and come round to the front."

"timber on the opposite side of the prairie; but, owing to a strong wind blowing in their faces, their progress was slow and they were compelled to go into camp on the open plain; and that, too, with some strange, suspicious-looking objects hovering along the western horizon. They were suspicious-looking because they looked like front."

go and fix myself up, and come round to the front."

Without allowing her to say anything more, he kissed the tips of his fingers to be and vaulted again over the fence.

Tommy had been watching him through a hole in the woodwork.

"You're a nice fellow! Where's the ball?" he said.

"Oh! hang the ball! I'm not going to play any more," replied Jim.

"I see how it is," retorted Tom, laughing.
"Directly you saw Mercedita you couldn't think of anything else."

"Mercedita!" repeated Jim, to himself. "What a pretty name! So, it appears, I am in love with Mercedita! Well, I have no objection."

"Where has she been?" he asked, aloud.

"Why, don't you know? What a fellow you are. Ever since you went on that tramp, you've lost your memory. You are always asking me the most stupid questions about places and perivations."

"I had a good many trials and privations."

"Surrounded by the checker for savages there were suspicious-looking because they looked like savages; and the presence of savages there were suspicious-looking because they looked like savages; and the presence of savages there were suspicious-looking because they looked like savages; and the presence of savages there were suspicious-looking because they looked like savages; and the presence of savages there were suspicious-looking because they looked like savages; and the presence of savages there were suspicious-looking because they looked like savages; and the presence of savages there meant mischief.

"If it's Ingine," declared Old Occident, "it's a band o' raiders from the Nor'-west, and they may give us trouble."

Every precaution was taken to guard against danger. The night fell black, starless and wild. Black clouds rolled through the ethereal deep like billows on a maddened ocean, and the cold March wind came shrieking down from the north-west with unrelenting fury.

The homesteaders were compelled to remove the canvas tilts from their vagons to keep them from being whoped to shreds and the wagons upset. This deprived them of their only shell be belin

ple."

"I had a good many trials and privations, that time."

"So I should think! Well, Mercedita is old Mandragon's niece. I suppose you know that."

"Ah! pshaw! What are you giving met Tell me something I don't know!"

"Last year she went to visit some relations in Cuba, where she was born, and the boys always supposed that you and she were going to hitch teams, some of these days."

dians.

"Surrounded, by the shades of the temple!" exclaimed Old Occident.

"My God!" responded Jonathan Miles, "we are doomed!"

"It looks shadowy for us, boys," Occident ontinued: "them are a pack of murderous Sioux making a raid down in this country whar there hasn't been a hostile for two years, and as they're after hair, this outfit may furnish'em about seven head-robes."

about seven head-robes."
"Do you think they'll make a charge upon us?" asked Miles.

Jim ran into the house, and brushing bis hair, put on his most fascinating neck-tie; after which he visited Mr. Mandragon's house.

The servant refused him admittance.

"Mr. Mandragon, sir," said the servant, "has left orders that you are to be told that the family are not at home to you."

Jim bit his lips with vexation.

In the hall he saw the young lady leaning on her uncle's arm.

"Do you think they'll make a charge upon us?" asked Miles.

"They would if they knowed how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through them lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do afoot? Fifty ritles would be turned on you before you could reach their lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

Mercedita? he exclaimed.

She gave him a cold stare and passed into the drawing-room with her relative.

Jim retired in disgust and felt very mean.

(Management of the collaboration of the collabora I've an idea in my head, colonel," responded skin that could beat me on a stratagem. All I want you to do is to stand with your repeaters and revolvers ready to repel any charge. As they're afoot, you could shoot 'em all down with them long-rangers of yours afore they could git here, and they seem to be aware of the fact, too, and are layin' around out thar waitin' for us to try to escape. But we see ourselves doin' sich a thing as that! If the daisies git my hair, they must fight for it, and I know it's the ame by yours."

"Yes, yes!" shouted the homesteaders, as their minds reverted to the dear ones that would wait and watch their coming with eager impatience.

wait and watch their coming with eager impatience.

Old Occident now went to work to prepare for his departure, and it was with no little curiosity that his movements were watched by his companions. The first thing he did was to tie the buggy, belonging to the party, to one of the wagons. This done he raised the buggy-pole until it pointed heavenward, and there fastened it by means of stay-chains taken from one of the wagons.

wagons.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, as he regarded this much of his work; "boys, I used to be a sailor buld, and what I didn't know about reefin' and riggin' a vessel wer'n't wuth knowin'. That buggy-pole cocked up thar reminds me of bare mast without sail, and here goes for the sail."

sail."

It was apparent now, to the homesteaders, what their old guide was up to. He intended to rig the light buggy with sail, take advantage of the wild, sweeping wind and endeavor to escape. But the idea seemed as impossible and absurd as it was foolhardy, and Jonathan Miles remonstrated with him, but all to no purpose

ose.
"You'll never know till ye try, Jonathan,"
Occident would reply; "you see, that wind is
blowin' at the rate of thirty miles or more an
hour, and I believe I can sail through the breakers like a flirt. If I do, I'll have a hundred
men here from the Platte Settlements afore
night." night."
The old man took one of the canvas tilts and

and an took one of the canvas tilts and some ropes and lariats and constructed a square sail which he adjusted, in good order, to the mast. A rope was then attached to the ends of the fore-axle, just inside the wheels, for a steering apparatus, and Occident was ready to

sail.

"Now, boys," he said, mounting the seat of the wind-ship, "when I say the word, cut her loose and let her flicker. I'll sail south-east with the wind and if the Ingins git too thick in that direction I'll veer off to the south and take the wind on my quarter. But of all you do, boys, keep a stiff upper lip, and, if the devils attempt to steal a march on you, don't give up as long as you've breath. It may be they'll break their lines, when I sail out, so's you can escape. If you do, make tracks to the point we left yesterday mornin'. Now, then, cut her loose!"

of the day.

Half-reclining upon a willow settee, upon which were silken cushions, the Governor-General which were silken cushions, the Governor-General which were silken cushions, the Governor-General was ipping black coffee, eating a hard, sweet biscuit, called a semilla, and now and then giving a whiff at a Regalia—a cigar seldom seen away from Havana, and a luxury indeed to the smoker.

As the lady approached, the governor threw away his cigar, and rising, met her with extended hand.

"Welcome, Señorita De Silva; this is indeed an honor. Be seated and express how I can an honor. Be seated and express how I can serve you, By the way, allow me to thank you

"beam end," as the canvas caught the but Old Occident soon set it aright. ulsive quiver seemed to shake the whole ve hicle; then with the straining of the ropes and creaking of the timbers the light vehicle shot away in a zigzag course, reeling and tottering like a drunken thing.

It was some time before Occident could get the craft under control, so swiftly and wildly did it lunge and dart along the prairie, like a wounded bird in the air or a maddened steed endeavoring to unseat its rider.

The savages were stricken with awe at the sight of the white-winged monster sweeping out of the camp of the pale-faces, and stood as if rooted to the spot; but this lasted only for a moment. With a fiendish yell they started toward the point when the restrictions. ward the point where they saw the wind-wagon would pass their lines.

"By heavens!" cried Jonathan Miles, "they will slay the guide! He can never pass that cordon of savages—ah! see! he veers to the right! he will dodge them!"

True enough. The old borderman, seeing the danger that was gathering before him, pulled the rein, and his wind-steed turned and plunged away toward the south at a fearful speed, the wheels bumming like a hundred spindles.

Fifty rifles rung out. A few bullets tore through the sail, but no further damage was sustained by the old land sailor, and in three minutes from the time he had started, Occident had passed the dead-line and was flying down the plain, while the savages strung out over the prairie in pursuit like the tail of a comet.

With eager eyes the homesteaders watched the white sail receding in the distance over the soft carpet of the level plain, murmuring a prayer of thanks for the success of the old guide's novel yet daring adventure in their balf

Old Occident's Stratagem.

BY OLL COOMES.

The diversion created by the escape of Old Occident enabled Jonathan and his friends to escape from their beleaguered camp, and on foot, make their way across the prairie toward the nearest settlement. But before half the distance had been made they met Occident, with a company of cavalry that had been in search of the Indians some days, coming to their rescue.

A LADY was asked to join one of the divisions of the Daughters of Temperance. She replied: "This is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the sons in the course of a few weeks." weeks.

was acting as guide for the others. Two wagons and a spring-board buggy, each drawn by
two horses, composed the outfit of the homesteaders, as men seeking hemes upon the Government lands were called.

In leaving the settlement that morning, Occident felt satisfied of their ability to reach the

FOR GOLD.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

To-night they wed me to the Earl;
Already in the hall
The throng is met; the dancers whirl
In rout and carnival;
And music's 'wildering soul is there,
And all but me are gay—
Alas, if ever my despair
Should greet another day!

What if he owns broad lands of worth,
With parks and palaces!
If he were master of the earth
My heart could not be his.
And he is old, and I am young—
Fool of my father's plot;
Withal he has a cruel tongue—
And then, I love him not.

Alas, the world is weighed with wrong!
My hitle sweet desire
For life, howe er it pass along,
I see this night expire.
Oppression's self is everywhere;
The helpless heart is hers:
And to be sold for the Earl's gold
What can be worse, be worse!

Come, nurse, good nurse, and in my hair For they may serve to make me fair A little longer yet. These pale white flowers wreathe 'round my

And leave the red at rest, whose color ill befits me now To wear on brow or breast.

Good nurse, good-by; your kindness done,
You hence need show no more;
To-night shall I be surelier won
By death than Evanore.
Nor friend have I in this distress,
And little aid I crave
From those around whom I hate less

To save or try to save.

They wait me in the hall? I go;
I am delaying late;
And they shall meet me coming slow
To lead me to my fate;
Bu: I'll not say the word that makes
My life from life apart,
Nor take the hateful hand that breaks
And ne'er can bless my heart.

For ere he touch these lips that speak,
To make his vow divine,
My lost breath shall have left them weak;
He ne'er shall murmur "mine."
I'll live not where I do not love,
Nor smile where I despise,
And Heaven is pitiful above
Though bitter earth denies.

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Merle, the Mutineer:

THE BRAND OF THE RED ANCHOR. A Romance of Sunny Lands and

Blue Waters. BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

THOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE S
ANGEL," "THE CORSAIRS OF HISTORY,"
"THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE CRETAN ROVER," "THE PIRATE
PRINCE," ETC, ETC. CHAPTER XXIII.

A USELESS APPEAL. AT a very early hour, on the morning following the arrival of the cruiser of Captain De Silva, in the harbor of Havana, a volante drew up

at the gateway of the Polacio of the Captain, or Governor-General of Cuba.

From the vehicle a lady, heavily vailed, alighted, and gave her card to the sentinel, who dispatched it by a sergeant in to the ruler of the "Gem of the Antilles."

In a few moments a young officer, in gorgeous uniform came forward, and bowing low, bade the lady follow him into the *Palacio*.

the lady follow him into the *Palacio*.

Ascending the spacious stair-way to an upper corridor, upon the opposite side of which was a grand hall-way, the visitor was ushered out upon a cool veranda which opened upon a lovely garden, filled with orange and lemon trees, while the air was laden with the fragrance of innumerable and rare flowers.

Numberless fountains filled the garden, cooling the air, and the trees were thronged with singing birds, which made the place a very Eden, in which to while away the sultry hours of the day.

Half-reclining upon a willow settee, upon which were silken cushions, the Governor-General was sipping black coffee, eating a hard, sweet biscuit, called a semilla, and now and then giving a whiff at a Regalia—a cigar seldom seen

an honor. Be seated and express how I can serve you, By the way, allow me to thank you One of the men cut the rope that held the buggy to the wagon just as Occident ran up his ail. The vessel pitched forward, almost on its 'beam end," as the canvas caught the wind; "How can the Señorita De Silva feel interest in a pirate, may I ask?" queried the Governor-

General, in surprise. "I feel the interest of gratitude toward one who rendered me a service I shall never forget. Your Excellency is aware of the capture of the vessel I came from Spain in, by Freelance, the buccanear?"

Yes, señorita, and that you recognized in

the leader of these outlaws, one who served you; but what then, lady?" "It is your intention, my father tells me, to have them all executed." 'It is; at sunrise to-morrow they shall be ot; taken as pirates they shall be shot without

"There can be one exception, if your Excellency is so inclined to favor me,"
"In anything but sparing the life of one of those wretches, yes, lady; but not in that, not in that,"

This is your firm decision, Excellenza?"

"This is your firm decision, Laccedental"
"It is—irrevocably."
Rena De Silva knew the Governor-General
too well to urge more, and felt that her appeal
was useless; but she did not yet despair.
"Still, your Excellency, you will permit me
to visit the prisoner, and carry with me a holy
father to cheer his last hours; you will not deny me this, señor?"
"Assuredly not, señorita; they certainly de-

serve all the consolation the *padre* can give them, for their sins have been great, and if the Señorita De Silva wishes to thank, in person, one who has, I admit, greatly served her, I will give her carte blanche to visit the Moro. "Don Fernando will be only too happy to

have the sunlight of so fair a face shine its gloomy walls."
Unnoticing the compliment, Rena conti eing the compliment, Rena continued: One favor more, señor Excellency?"

"One favor more, senor Excellency?"

"Name it, señorita."

"It is to give the poor doomed men a respite until to-morrow night, at sunset."

"Why, señorita? Better have the matter over with."
"No; let them die with the dying day, not

with its beginning."
"You have some motive in this, señorita, I cannot fathom," and the Governor-General eyed her closely.

"A woman's motives, señor, are unfathomable," smiled Rena.

"Granted. From Father Adam to our day, no man ever fully understood a woman," laughed

We are discussing men now, señor; will you

grant my request?"

"When I know what is the reason, señorita."

"That I cannot now tell, Excellenza; but it is a good one, and you are assuredly not afraid of a girl, that you refuse."

of everything that wears a petiticoat," and his Excellency laughed half-seriously.

Then, as if askamed of his doubts, he con-

Then, as it assumed of his doubts, in tinued:

"Certainly, senorita; it is only a few hours, more or less, and I will grant it; but when the wretches come to die in the evening they will be sorry they were not executed in the morning."

"True, and if led out in the morning, they would wish to live until evening, your Excel-

permit, and placed a gold inkstand, and quill pen beside the Governor, who at once attached

Thanking him, Rena arose and departed from the Palacio, and entering her volante, drove rapidly away into the heart of the city.

An hour after the same volante rolled beneath the massive gateway of the Castle El Moro, and drew up in front of the commandant's quarters. From the vehicle descended a padre of the monkish order and the Señorita De Silva.

Don Fernando Miguel, Colonel Commandant of the Moro, caught sight of the fair form, as he was just entering his quarters, and came hastily was just entering his quarters, and came hastily

was just entering his quarters, and came hastily

forward.
"Ah! the Senorita De Silva! Your slave,

He bowed low before the beauty and heiress, for he was a bachelor, under forty, handsome and a marrying man, if—he could marry a for-

Rena bestowed upon the handsome Spaniard her sweetest smile, and said, in her most dulcet

tones: "Señor colonel, I have come to see one of your prisoners—"
"Would that I were he, lady, be he whom he may!" gallantly said the commandant.
"I thank you, senor; but as this man dies tomorrow it would not be pleasant to change
places with him. I refer to Merle, the pirate of-

Ah, the mutineer?" Affi, the mulneer?

"The same, sefor; he saved me from a sad fate once, and in his distress I have come with a holy padre to cheer him by a few words."

"Your bright eyes, Seforita De Silva, would unlock my lowest dungeon, and though against condens."

"But I have here the permit I received from the hand of the Governor-General himself." "Ah, I had hoped you felt that with me I needed no order, senorita; I will send the guard after the..."

Pardon, señor, I prefer to see him in his cell. I have a curiosity to behold the interior of this gloomy old pile. Ah! what troops of ghosts must throng these corridors at night," and Rena shuddered.

Calling a soldier the commandant bade him conduct the maiden and *padre* to the cells of the mutineers, for he felt that his presence was Through interminable passages, gloomy and

through the limitable passages, groomly and for foreboding, down stone stairways, and far from the light of day, the guide led the way, until they came to a large room on the right.

"This is the guard-room, lady; we will find here the jailer of this tier of cells," and the soldier, excusing himself, soon returned with an old man, bearded and stern.

"Pedry the sepiorite has orders from the community of the sepiority and the soldier, who guided them back to daylight.

"Well, sepiorita, you saw the mutineer?" asked the colonel commandant.

"Thank you, yes, sepior, and I am coming again to see him; I do hope the Governor-General will spare his life."

'Pedro, the señorita has orders from the com-Thy servant, lady," and the old jailer bow-

"I would see Merle the Mutineer," quietly said Rena, shuddering at the dismal surroundings with which she was encompassed.

Silently the old man led the way along a narrow passage, stopped at an iron door, and taking a key from his belt placed it in the

lock.

There was a dim light within the cell—not from the light of day, but from a lamp swinging in the passage.

Within, a tall form sat upon a low couch, his face buried in his hands; but at the grating of the key in the lock he looked up.

Quickly, as his eves fell upon Rena, he sprung.

"A public execution, señor?"

"Oh, yes, lady—we dare not cheat the Havanese out of the show."

"Thank you, colonel; be good enough to give orders for mine and the padre's return to the cells of the prisoners, please."

"I will, lady."

"A public execution, señor?"

"Oh, yes, lady—we dare not cheat the Havanese out of the show."

"Thank you, colonel; be good enough to give orders for mine and the padre's return to the cells of the prisoners, please."

"I will, lady."

Quickly, as his eyes fell upon Rena, he sprung to his feet.

hell on earth?" and there was a bitterness in the tones of the voice that bespoke a heart deeply "Yes; you served me once, and I have come to cheer your last hours on earth. Jailer, I will call you when I need you," and a purse of gold was thrust into the hand of the old man.

gleam of joy flashed in his eyes, and he said, e turned away: 'I will be within call, lady."

"Senor, I begged for your life, but it was than n useless, and to-morrow at sunset you are doomed to die."

So be it, lady; I do not fear death," calmly said Merle

to save you save you."
No, lady, you must not get yourself into uble on my account."
Listen, Senor Merle, once you saved my
"Inat is the vessel Heleffet to, and schooner-yacht, lying a cable's length from the shore.
"It has the American flag flying—that is in

"No, lady, you must not get yoursell into trouble on my account."

"Listen, Senor Merle, once you saved my honor, nay, my life, for I would have died ere I became the bride of that vile man—"

"Pardon, senorita," and Merle spoke in the pure Castilian tongue. "Pardon, senorita, you exaggerate the danger you were in, for no harm would have befallen you, upon my honor; we captured your vessel, and the men demanded that you should be held for ransom, for some of them knew the wealth of your family.

"To this demand Captain Freelance demur-red, until he saw that trouble would follow, and then he said he would hold you, and the cabin was to be kept inviolate to you, as long as you remained on the schooner.

"But I, who told you that the chief said you

should remain, was moved by your piteous face, and demanded your release of Captain Free-lance, by the love he held for me.

"He yielded, lady, paying from his own treasure-box, the ransom demanded by the crew, and you sailed in the same vessel that had brought you from Spain. No, no, lady, Captain Free-ance never wronged a woman, buccaneer shough he was; he risked his life in the search nough ne was; he risked his life in the search or gold for which he did not care; but he was neapable of a mean action; he was a free-rover by force of circumstances, and for love of the vild life of danger, he led it; had you seen im you would have known it to be so, but he was wounded when your vessel was taken, and is first officer was in command."

black as he was painted; still, you served me, and I have come to save your life, señor."

"How, lady, may I ask?"

"This holy monk is my friend—nay, I may as well tell all—he was my mother's lover, but, when he found she did not return his love, he left the world for the seclusion of the church, and the may not; but you say nothing of our talk, and return on board your vessel."

"Yes a second to save your met. Senor.

"He may, and he may not; but you say nothing of our talk, and return on board your vessel."

"Yes a second to save your met. Senor.

"He may, and he may not; but you say nothing of our talk, and return on board your vessel."

"Yes a second to save your met. Senor.

and he is willing to serve me for my mother's "And for your own, daughter," said the ready to run up in an instant, and be on the onk, in deep, yet not unmusical tones.

'A girl is a woman, señorita, and I am afraid everything that wears a petticoat," and his collency laughed half-seriously.

"A girl is a woman, señorita, and I am afraid everything that wears a petticoat," and his collency laughed half-seriously.

"The property of the p

And leave him here to suffer when the cheat "Lady, you mistake me," and Merle spoke with offended pride.

"Nay, listen, no harm will befall the Holy Father."

"Lady, I know well the Governor-General—the padre would not be protected by his sacred position."
"Señor Americano," and the monk threw back his cowl, the act displaying a pale, manly, intelligent face.

"True, and if reu out.

would wish to live until evening, your
lency."

"Pointed reasoning without doubt. How
else can I serve you, señorita?"

"By giving me the permit for myself and a
padre to visit the Moro."

"Ah, yes, I will order it at once," and calling

"Ah, yes, I will order it at once," and calling

"Ah, yes, I will order it at once," and calling

"That debt is unpaid, and I wish to serve you,
that I may owe no man anything; also, I would
that I may owe no man anything; also, I would
that I may owe no man anything; also, I would
that I may owe no man anything; also, I would
that I may owe no man anything; also, I would
that I may owe no man anything; also, I would
that I may owe no man anything; also, I would
that I may owe no man anything; also, I would
that I may owe no man anything; also, I would

he purpose of seeing the pirates just incarceated there."

The officer bowed, and soon returned with the ermit, and placed a gold inkstand, and quill en beside the Governor, who at once attached is name to the paper.

Thanking him, Rena arose and departed from the Palacio, and entering her reducts of the law, am I a mutineer. Listen, and I will prove that I am not the heinous criminal men call me."

"Señor, you have been the toy of circumstances, and you were not intended to die as a felon. Here, take my priestly robes and leave in the restart of the

Merle shook his head dubiously "Senor, I am more than I seem—I tell you no harm shall befall me."

Again Merle's answer was a shake of the head.

"Señor, I am a monk, yes; but I am also the brother of the Governor-General of Cuba."

The prisoner started, and Rena said quickly:

"Now, señor, that you know the holy father will be safe, you will not refuse my appeal?"

"Yes, lady; I will not escape and leave one of the brave men who are my fellow prisoners here to die."

Both Rena and the monk saw that Merle was determined, and they turned sadly away.

CHAPTER XXIV.

As if wholly out of patience with Merle's re-fusal to fly from his fate, Rena De Silva and the monk turned from the cell; but outside in the passageway they halted, and held a conversa-tion in a low tone, and in the Italian tongue, fearing some eavestromer might be near for fearing some eavesdropper might be near, for Spanish walls are certainly blessed with ears. "It is the only chance to save him, and a des-perate one; we will see what we can do," said

Rena; and turning to the prisoner, she continued: Be hopeful, señor: we are still your friends.

"Be hopeful, señor: we are still your friends. We will see you again."
Calling the old jailer, who had been engaged in the delightful employment of counting his gold, the monk and the maiden retraced their way to the guard-room, where they were met by the soldier, who guided them back to daylight.

"Well, señorita, you saw the mutineer?" asked the colonel commandant.

"Thank you, yes, señor, and I am coming again to see him; I do hope the Governor-General will spare his life."

"It is worth being a pirate to excite your sympathy, fair señorita."

"Always given to pretty speeches, señor colonel; by the way, have you orders yet regarding the execution of these men?"

"Yes, señorita, I just received them from the Palacio—they die to-morrow evening at sunset, and the marines of your noble father's vessel

and the marines of your noble father's ver are to be their executioners, cruiser having captured them.

And, señor colonel, dine with my father and You here, lady, here in this—I almost said row."

"With pleasure, senorita," said the delighted

You are a great sailor, señorita; you spend half of your time on the cruiser, though you have the handsomest home in Havana."
"Yes, I love blue water, sefor commandant. Remember your engagement. Adios."

The volante rolled away, and Rena said:
"I have now all the information desired, and
"I have now all the information desired, and

"I will be within call, lady."
As soon as he had gone Rena closed the door and turned the key in the lock; then she confronted the prisoner, upon whose pale face the dim light, penetrating the iron grating of the door, rested.

"Senor, I begged for your life, but it was useless, and to-morrow at sunset you are doom-

In half an hour the vehicle drew up on the d Merle.

But you must not die, for I am determined where several vessels were at anchor.

No. lady, you must not get yourself into

"I hope so— Ah, my man, do you belong on yonder yacht?" and the monk turned to a negro that approached, and who was attired in a

blue sailor suit and tarpaulin.

It was none other than Dave, and a devout Catholic—as are many of the colored race on the Gulf shores. He turned and crossed himself with one hand, at sight of the monk, while he saluted Rena politely with the other. By adroit questioning, Rena learned from Dave what had brought the yacht to Havana, and that Captain Grenville and the ladies were

then in the city at a hotel, awaiting the arrival of the vessels that had been sent in pursuit of To h.r joy also, Rena learned that Dave was a true friend of Merle, for he bitterly denounced Wilber Sebastian.

"You would do much to serve your young

master, then?" asked Rena.
"I risk dis ole head o' mine, missy, to sabe one ob my massas, and I would do it to sabe massa Merle." Rena turned to the padre, who did not speak

English, and interpreted all that had been said, and the two conversed together for awhile.

Then Rena spoke again to Dave:

"You say that yacht belongs to your young

his first officer was in command."

Merle spoke with warm feeling in defense of his dead chief and father, and Rena believed his ""

"If he were to board it suddenly, and ten you to put to sea, what would you do?"

"Obey him, missy! Wish he try me; but dey to be shooted, an' I jist lef' de hotel "It do, missy, fact."
"If he were to board it suddenly, and tell I am glad to know that Freelance was not as say he is to be shooted, an' I jist lef' de hotel whar am massa, an' he mighty mad kase de Gub'nor-Gin'ral say he won't wait for de skun-

"Yas, missy."
"Have the cable ready to slip, and the sails

"And for your own, daughter," said the monk, in deep, yet not unmusical tones.

"Thanks, Holy Father, I feel that you will serve me, for you have proven it in coming here."

"Señor," and she again turned to Merle;
"Señor," and she again turned to Merle;
"How many for a crew have you?"
"Dere's one nice young white man, Mister

Ainslie, de mate, an' me, an' half a dozen nig-

gers."

"All of them true to your young master?"

"De niggers is, missy; guess de mate would

be, too."

"Very well, here is a little present for you. Remember, be on the watch," and slipping several pieces of gold into Dave's honest palm, the maiden bade the coachman drive down to the pier, in front of which lay her father's vessel. Here Rena alighted, signaled a boat, and was rowed on board the cruiser, the padre awaiting ashore in the volante for her.

"Is my father on board, señor?" she asked of the officer who came after her in the boat.

"He is not, señorita"

'He is not, sevorita."
'And the sevor, Capitan Angelos?"
'He is, lady."

"Bid him come to me in the cabin, please."
In a few moments the officer sent for, a captain of marines, entered, and found the maiden pacing the cabin nervously; her face was pale, excepting two red spots that burned upon either

He was a young man, under thirty, and with a tall, elegant form.
His face was very dark, handsome and full of

character.

A dashing, splendid fellow, was Andrea Angelos, and one who had won his rank by gallantry, for he was a Cuban, and not a Spaniard, and upon that score Captain De Silva had objected to him as a suitor for his daughter's hand.

jected to him as a suitor for his daughter's hand. As for Rena, she had shown him no more preference than she had a hundred others, and upon his offering himself, had refused him.

"Be seated, Señor Capitan."

"Not while you stand, señorita."

Rena threw herself into an easy-chair, and the young officer followed her example.

"Señor, you once did me the honor of saying you loved me?" and the maiden's face now crimsoned.

crimsoned.
"I told but the truth, señorita."

The officer seemed surprised; but he answered:
"Time has but added to my love for you, señorita."
"Will you prove your love for me, Andrea

Angelos?"
"Ay, lady, that will I," was the eager re-

"You are honored, I believe, by being selected to execute the mutineers, on to-morrow after-'I am, señorita."

"The place of execution is the plateau outside of the city walls, and fronting on the sea?"
"It is, lady."

"Now, Andrea Angelos, listen to me, and if you do as I ask you, I promise to become your wife whenever you name the day."

Andrea Angelos sprung to his feet in delighted

"Hear me. If you refuse, swear that you will not betray me in anything that I may do."
"I swear it, lady; how can I serve you?
Name it, for I consent."
Rena De Silva leaned forward and whispered

Rena De Silva leaned forward and whispered to the young officer a bold plan she had formed for the escape of Merle the Mutineer.

"If that fails he is lost," she said to the now surprised but delighted officer.

"And you have promised, Señor Angelos?"

"I have, by the sainted Virgin!"

"Then I shall keep my promise and become your wife. Now see me to my boat."

The young officer escorted the maiden to the waiting barge, and raised his hat as she rowed shoreward, a happy look upon his face, as he muttered:

muttered:
"I would risk ten times as much for her, no-

ble girl that she is!"

Had he heard the muttered words of Rena, as she left the vessel's side, he would have been

she left the vessel's side, he would have been even happier:
"It is no concession on my part to marry him, for I have loved him from the first time we met, and I only refused him because I did not wish to be yet bound by an engagement."

The padre was patiently awaiting her, and entering the vehicle it rolled off again toward the Morr.

Driving through the gateway the padre sprung from the volante, leaving the maiden within.

The permit of the Governor-General gained him at once permission to again visit the prison-er, and he was absent an hour, during which time Rena awaited him in the carriage, listen-

ing to the complimentary discourse of the colonel-commandant, who spied the De Silva livery on the coachman and came out. the coachman and came out.

I have given the poor men what consolation buld, daughter."

It was plant that this was desiriled to be a night of surprises.

Hurriedly the chief proceeded to examine the

It was the deep voice of the padre behind the ommandant, who seemed reluctant that the holy father's spiritual advice had not continued You saw him?" was the maiden's eager

question as they drove away.
"Yes, and told him our plan." Bueno! and the others!

"Bueno! and the others?"

"I visited the cell of each of the condemned, daughter, and they all know what to expect."

"Oh! how I thank you, and I will give to your Order a handsome golden souvenir. I do trust all may go well now."

"I hope so, daughter. The hour will be in their favor."

"Unmersely; what stranga feeling caused me

"Immensely; what strange feeling caused me to beg the Governor-General for a respite until sunset I cannot understand; I wanted to gain time, I suppose, for I had no other motive though he suspected me of having. Again let me thank you, and here I will leave you, and my carriage can drive you back to the monastery. Adios."

maiden left the vehicle at the water's edge, and the priest was driven to his gloomy home in the abodes of a monastery.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 457.)

The Fresh of Frisco;

The Heiress of Buenaventura.

A Story of Southern California, BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, THOR OF "THE WOLF-DEMON," "INJUN DICK,
THE POLICE SPY," "THE WITCHES OF NEW THE CHILD OF THE SAVANNA,

PRETTY MISS NELL," "THE MARKET FROM TEXAS," "ACE OF SPADES,
"OWLS OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII. THE ESCAPE.

THE timely suggestion of the masked chief proved the salvation of the disguised men, for, by throwing themselves flat upon their faces, they were enabled to breathe with comparative ease, for the strange vapor which had arisen so suddenly, and in such a mysterious way, from the furnace obeyed the stringent law of nature and floated toward the roof of the cavern.

So dense was the vapor-like smoke that, even the blazing torches failed to make an impression upon it, and like lights burning in a fog, were

upon it, and like lights burning in a log, were walled in by leaden gloom.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the disguised man, who had stood by the side of the masked judge, and who, in throwing himself upon the floor had still kept near to the chief.

"The fiend only knows!" the judge replied,

angrily. "Do you suppose that the Indian had anything to do with it?"

"Perhaps," and then a sudden thought flashed over the speaker's mind. "Why, it is a thousand to one that he produced it." "Produced IL—now?"

"Cast some drug into the furnace; these peons are skilled in herbs and roots, and I have often heard that this José was a mighty medicineman; the cunning rascal has overreached us."

"But I do not understand-what can he gain

"But I do not understand—what can he gain by this trick?"

"Liberty; he saw that we were disposed to push him to the quick, and as he was not able to oppose force he tried what cunning would effect. This is an old cave, you know; it was here when the town was first settled; it is evidently an old mine, for it bears marks of having been worked; no white men though ever had a hand in it; it is one of the secret mines of the Indians, for the very entrance to it even is carefully hidden, and it was only by accident that I stumbled upon it, and I have kept the knowledge of the mountain passage within my own breast. I caused the underground way to the Alcalde's Ranch to be constructed, for I saw how useful the cavern would prove. Now it is just possible that this lying seamp of a red-skin knows all the ins and outs of the cave much better than I do. If you remember, when the men went to fetch him a minute or so ago he was not there, and when I went myself and saw him lying curled up on the floor, I believed that they had carelessly overlooked him, although I could not very well understand how they could do such a thing. They protested stoutly that they had used their eyes as well as they knew how, and that when they had gone the first time the cell was empty. Of course I cursed them for a couple of careless rascals, but I am satisfied now that they spoke the truth. The peon was not there. He knows some secret passage which leads from that little cave. It is probable that, in the old time, this cavern was not only a mine but served as a place of refuge for the red-men in the time of danger, and that is the reason why all the winding passages, which apparently lead nowhere—the end being barred by the solid rock—were constructed. Each and every one had some secret outlet skillfully constructed, and so cunningly arranged as to baffle the most searching eyes. You have followed me in this?"

"Yes, and you think the Indian, perceiving that you intended to force the secret of Miguel Scott from him, resolved to escape rather

"Exactly; he has taken advantage of the darkness which he produced by casting some drug into the furnace fire, to escape, and the chances are a thousand to one that already he is far beyond our reach."
"The vapor is losing its force; soon we will know the truth."

know the truth."

Such was the fact; the peculiar smoke, so pungent in its character, was slowly fading away, and breathing was no longer oppressive.

"Suppose that the Indian has escaped?"

"We hold the boy, though; and this desperate sharp, who is so handy with both his tongue and his weapons," the judge replied, and there was a menace in his tone which boded no good to either the Californian, or to the outspoken Fresh of Frisco.

The vapor grew thinner and thinner, the light of the torches began to again illuminate the dark recesses of the cavern, and like so many dark and horrid reptiles the prostrate Black men of Tejon lifted up their heads and glared

men of Tejon lifted up their heads and glared around them.

The judge was right; no Indian was to be seen; the peon had taken advantage of the vapor to wriggle away in the darkness. It was quite plain that El Embustero was no stranger to the secrets of the cavern.

Again the disguised men stood upon their feet and blinked in each other's faces like so many owls, brought suddenly from darkness into light.

These bold, rough men, desperadoes of the worst type, equally reckless of their own lives and of the lives of others, suddenly comprehended that they had escaped, as it were, from the very shadow of death. They understood that, if the Indian had used double the quantity of powder than he had cast upon the furnace fire, not a man in the room would have escaped to tell the tale, but that one and all would have perished by suffocation. There were white faces then under the black hoods, and drunken José, the Liar, suddenly became exalted into a foe of no mean ability.

The judge resumed his place upon the rocky throne.

The judge resumed his place upon the rocky

throne.

"Bring out both the boy and the man," he commanded. "We have no time to spare, now, for morning is not far off, and we must get to the bottom of this business before day breaks."

The officers departed to carry out the orders, but in a few seconds they came rushing back in amazement.

amazement.

"Both are gone!" they cried.

"Gone!" exclaimed the chief, and the rest of the gang recchoed the words.

It was plain that this was destined to be a

cells in person, trusting to fi sleep in some corner, as, but a short time pre-ious, he had discovered the peon. But the search was a fruitless one, this time.

Not the slightest trace of either one could be found. Both the Californian and the adventurer had disappeared, and as mysteriously as though they had melted into the solid rock.

The masked men searched high and they searched low; every hollow passage in the cells, big enough to allow a rabbit to go through, they tried, but if there was a secret outlet, and there was very little doubt that one did exist somewhere, it was too compiled contributed. where, it was too cunningly contrived to be

discovered by mortal eyes.

Baffled in their search the masked men returned to the main cavern and there held a consultation, the result of which the reader will see

and relate the manner of their escape from their

the Black Men, upon being conducted to his cell again, immediately began to prepare himself to pass the night in comfort, for a true son of the border was he, and no matter how rough the acodations he always endeavored to make the

best of them.

Hardly had he camped himself down in a snug corner of the cave when he was suddenly as-tonished by hearing a slight noise as though a heavy body had jumped lightly to the ground from some considerable hight, but, whether ani-

His doubts were soon solved, though, for with a stealthy step the thing approached him, evidently able to see in the dark, and Blake braced himself for a struggle.

No hurt white man—me friend!" In a hoarse whisper came the words, and extremely reassuring was the sentence, too.
"Well, I want friends just now, if ever a man

"You friend—Miguel Scott, eh?" questioned the mysterious stranger.
"If by Miguel Scott you mean that young Californian, I think I can answer safely that I am his friend, for I like the lad, and I would go got of my way to do him a sarvier."

am his friend, for I like the lad, and I would go out of my way to do him a service."

"You no want to stay here, eh?"

"Not much!" replied Blake, emphatically.

"S'pose I gette you out, you fight for Miguel Scott, eh?" questioned the voice, anxiously.

"Yes, that's a bargain; you get me out and I'll stand up for the boy like a brother."

"Good! Me gette you out!"

"But, who are you?"

"José, the Liar! Wait, me come back soon."

'And then Blake heard the sound of retreating footsteps, followed by a peculiar sound as though the man was scrambling up the side of the wall. Then all was still.

Then all was still.

"José, the Liar, eh?" Blake muttered. "I hope, on this occasion, though, my gentle friend will belie his name."

Blake waited in patience, and at last his vigil

As the chief of the masked men had conjectured, the Indian did throw a powdered drug upon the furnace fire, thus producing the vapor; then under cover of the gloom, he had glided away, entered the cave-cell where Blake was confined, released him from the pi ions which bound him and instructed him how to scale the side of the cave, to the secret passage, the entrance to which was some eight feet from the floor. Then he conducted him straight to the cave where the Californian was confined, freed the lad from the lariats which bound him, and

then plunging into another secret passage, led the way to the outer air, and after some fifteen or twenty minutes' walk, through the underground passages, came out on the mountain-side in a little grove of scrubby pines, high up above the town of Tejon Camp, which was plainly visible to the eyes of the three, bathed in the rays of the pale moonlight afar down in the valley.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COMPACT.

FOR the first time the escaped prisoners looked upon the face of their rescuer, José, the peon
José, the Liar—who possessed such a wonderful knowledge of the secret passages of the underground judgment-hall of the Black Men of

Tejon.

The old Indian, scantily clad, with his long black hair streaming down upon his shoulders from under his ragged-edged sombrero, looked like anything but a hero, but there was no disputing the fact that the peon, with his cunning trick, aided by his wonderful knowledge of the

trick, aided by his wonderful knowledge of the underground passages, had saved the lives of the two captives.

"Well, old fellow, you have done us a good turn, to-night!" Blake exclaimed. "I say us," he continued, turning to the Californian, "for I presume that you were in a tight place, too?"

"Indeed I was," the youth replied, frankly, "and I trust that it will be many a long day before I come as near to death as I have been this night."

night."

"I for one won't forget it, my red friend,"
Blake observed, "and the day may come when I
can repay the service. "If it ever does, rest assured you may command me, even to the shedding of the last drop of blood within my veins."
No heedless speech or empty boast was this.
The Fresh of Frisco meant every word of it, and
he was one of that kind of men who made good
their word with their blood.

"And I, sir, owe you a debt of gratitude no

"And I, sir, owe you a debt of gratitude no less great than this gentleman!" the youth cried; "and I, too, am willing at any time to risk my life to pay the debt."

The old Indian wagged his head in a very permits were recommendated in the control of the contro

The old Indian wagged his need in culiar way.

"Me no want nothing, nohow," he replied.

"Me, long time ago, Michael Scott man—no forget cattle-king of Buenaventura. See! his face live again here!" and the Indian pointed to the youth. And this was really a wonderful stretch of the imagination, for there could be but very little resemblance between the young, smooth-faced boy and the grim, old, bearded cattle-king of Buenaventura.

of Buenaventura.

The dark eyes of the youth glistened and he

The dark eyes of the youth glistened and he made an impatient gesture.

The Indian misunderstood the youth.

"Be no 'fraid!" he cried; "be friend," and he pointed to Blake. "Big chief—fight for you; you need heap friend to fight ladrones dere," and with his skinny fore-finger the red-man pointed down the mountain-side to where the quiet town of Tejon Camp lay sleeping in the

moonlight.

"This gentleman is a stranger to me," the Californian remarked, a peculiar expression upon the olive-tinged, resolute face. "Already he has ventured his life in my quarrel, and to ask him to do more would be to place myself under a weight of obligation which in the future might crush me to the very ground."

"Your life José save!" the Indian exclaimed, forcibly, shaking his skinny fore-finger at Blake. "What for you do for dat, eh?"

"Anything you like!" the Fresh replied, on the instant.

the instant.
"You fight for him if I say so, eh?" and José

"You fight for him if I say so, eh?" and Jose pointed to the Californian.
"To the death!" Blake answered, promptly.
"It is good; your fadder was my master," said the Indian, addressing the youth. "Old José live to be a t'ousand years he nebber forget old cattle-king."
"But my name is not Miguel Scott; I am not the son of the cattle-king of Buenaventura; you are laboring under a delusion!" the youth exclaimed, evidently the prey of strong excitement.

The Indian wagged his head sagely. It was quite plain that the denial of the youth had no more effect upon him than the whisper of the breeze sighing through the pines of the mountain side. That is right," he muttered, with a cunning

leer; "your secret—hide it tight—tell it not even to the winds, for who knows when it may be betrayed? Old José know it—this North American, he know it—no one else. Good! You need money. José know where the gold lies hid in the mountain pocket. He know, too, where, in the heart of the mountain, the old cattle-king cached his treasures. When old red beard die ached his treasures. When old red-beard die José will speak," and the peon pointed down into the valley, thus plainly indicating that by old red-beard he meant Alexander Black, the alcalde of Tejon Camp.

"What has his death to do with the secret?"

the Californian demanded, in wonder.

The Indian shook his head, put his finger upon his lips as if to entreat silence, and then

rith a guttural "good-by," shook both their ands and glided away it of the forest, vanishing amid the pines like a specter.

Blake and the Californian looked at each other in amazement.
"A little touched in the upper story, eh?" sug-

rested the Fresh. "It would seem so," the Californian replied.
"Well, crazy or not, he has done us a good turn this night, and I will not forget it if the this light, and I will not forget it if the chance ever comes for me to return the service. Eve learned a thing or two in the last few hours. These Tejon Camp cutthroats have caught me happing once but they will never get a second opportunity."

opportunity."
"And so say I!" exclaimed the youth; "and yet I must brave their power whether I will or no, for I have business in yonder camp, and I must pursue it even at the risk of life."

Well, my friend, what say you now: shall go on together or separate here and say d-by?" Blake asked, regarding the youth

with an earnest, inquiring look.
"That is as you say."
"As I say, el?" Blake repeated, reflectively.
'You know the Californian custom, I sup-

"I am not sure that I understand to which one you refer."
"Why, in this wild, rude land two men come together, by accident or by design; they become companions, partners, brothers; and oftentimes the tie thus hastily formed is as enduring a one as that cemented by blood relationship. And now, what say you—shall we be partners, brothers, each for the other and both for one?"

A painful expression swept over the olivenged face. "Oh! but it is not right to drag you into my quarrel!" the youth exclaimed. "I come on a desperate mission, and in attempting to gain the end I seek I shall undoubtedly rouse against

the end I seek I shall undoubtedly rouse against me all the ruffianly villains of this camp of outlaws!" and as he spoke the Californian shook his clenched fist at the sleeping town below. "Already you have put your life in peril on my account; why, then, should I seek to embroil you further? Why not attempt to tread my own dangerous life-path alone, and then, if I fail in my design, and perish by the hands of these wild and desperate men, no life but my own will be sacrificed?"

"You are, then, Miguel Scott, the son of this old cattle-king of Buenaventura, and you seek the secret treasure hidden in the mountains, in regard to which the old Indian spoke; and, if I guess the situation rightly, this alcalde of Tejon Camp is also after the treasure, and that is the reason why the attack was made upon us tonight in the Alcalde's Ranch," Blake said, slowly.

slowly.

"I am not Miguel Scott, but I do seek the hidden treasure, and I have as good a right to it as any one!" the Californian replied, firmly.

"Well, partner, I might as well take a hand in the fun, for I am already mixed up in the affair, and I shall probably have to do my share of the fichting anyway."

Well, what is it?"

"Well, what is it?"

"It will be necessary for you to join the outlaw band, or otherwise I cannot trust you with the secret of their mountain retreat."

"I will join them," the Californian answered, promptly. "What care I? If I win my fight, I shall be rich enough to give them a fortune apiece, and if I understand human nature aright, the band will dissolve immediately when each member has morey enough to seek

aright, the band will dissolve immediately when each member has money enough to seek a civilized home, either in this land or another; and if I fail, I shall probably meet my death at the hands of my brutal foes, and then what matter oaths and secrets to me?"

"You reason shrewdly; and with the aid of my Wolves I think the chances are ten to one that you will win!" Blake cried, impressed with the spirit of the youth. "And now, let's be off, for we have some miles to cover. You have faced the Black Men of Tejon to-night; now try the Wolves, and see if they won't treat you better!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 460.)

An Odd Character.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

WHATEVER faults "Young Joe" Robidoux may have had, a lack of patriotism was not among them. When the la e civil war broke out, Joe, though then far beyond the prime of life, was one of the first who enlisted in the —th Missouri. Almost the entire regiment, but the company in particular to which Joe belonged

Missouri. Almost the entire regiment, but the company in particular to which Joe belonged, was composed of men from in and around St. Joe, so that the veteran's many foibles were treated with greater leniency than would otherwise have been the case.

Joe had his own ideas of warfare, learned among the red-skins of the trapping-grounds, and no amount of drilling could change his ideas of what was right and judicious to do when the angry bullets were whistling overhead.

head.

It was at the battles of Glasgow and Lexington, Missouri, that Young Joe was given his first taste of civilized warfare. At the first crack of a gun, Joe broke ranks and dove for cover with a celerity wonderful in one of his

As this was the first "fiery baptism" of war for the greater portion of the company, Captain T. sternly ordered Joe back to the ranks, naturally fearful that one example would corrupt his entire force; but Joe felt better satisfied where he was, and with one of his peculiar

grins, replied:

"Not mooch, old man! You sink me pig fool? Sharge, boys! run zem over—I keep you cover' here wiz my rifle—sharge!"

The skirmish was hot and closely contested, but the boys in blue remained in possession of the ground. When the roll was called, Young Loe was missing and as his body was not some the ground. When the roll was called, foung Joe was missing, and as his body was not among the killed or wounded, it was supposed that he had changed his base and fallen to the rear. Two days later, as the regiment was falling into rank, to take the road to Lexington, Joe made his appearance in his old place. Captain T. sternly asked where he had been. Grinning, Lexically asked where he had been.

sternly asked where he had been. Grinning, Joe replied:

"You tell-a us, zat time, 'Boys, you fight and pray, hard!" Zey all forget but me, so, while zey fight, I go down in ze hole onder ze house, and pray like ze diable!"

At Lexington, Joe played a more manful part, and at the close of the first day, he was publicly complimented by his captain for setting so good an example to his younger comrades. But Joe was not content to let well alone. Wheeling around and calling attention alone. Wheeling around and calling attention to a small rent in the rear of his inexpressibles,

he exploded:

"Yes, I fight—I get wounded, here. Zat
Tom—ze saere enfant de garce! he stick me behind and tell a me, 'You fight now, old man, or
I run-a you trough an' trough ze seat of honare! He keep on stick-a me, and I keep on fight
all-a time, but ze bullets whistle in ze air make-a
me awful sick at we stomagne—so sick I sink I me awful sick at ze stomaque—so sick I sink l

going to die, begare!"

Among the few who escaped being captured at Lexington was Captain T., thanks to his good horse. He rode long and hard, but was finally forced to pause, to breathe his charger. While slowly moving along, a strange-looking object in the top of a tall tree arrested his wandering gaze, and with wild visions of ruthless bush-whackers flashing through his mind, he urged his tired steed onward, followed by a wild yell

that by no means tended to lessen his speed.

That supposed bushwbacker was none other than Whisky Joe, who, watching his opportunity, had stolen away from the spot where matters where growing too hot to be comfortable.

ters where growing too hot to be comfortable, and climbing a tree as the safest place to take a rest, was only aroused from sound repose by the precipitate flight of his captain.

The alarm was contagious, and hastily descending from his perch, Joe fled at full speed from the imaginary pursuers. With every stride, his panic increased. He dropped his musket, then his pistols and belt, which in turn were followed by his coat, and had the old fellow's wind not failed him, he might soon have enacted the rôle of a masculine Godiva, so far as the style of dress was concerned.

did, for, within five minutes after he sunk breathless in a clump of bushes beside the road, three horsemen, dressed in gray, came in sight, the leader bearing a five-gallon keg upon the

They came to a halt, almost directly in front They came to a halt, almost directly in around of the old man, glancing first to one side of the road and then to the other, as if in doubt which course to pursue. Only for a moment, then they struck into the woods, heading almost directly for the spot where Joe lay in fear and trembling, passing by his covert so closely that, had he tried, he could have touched the nearest house a it strode by: so close that he heard the

had no tried, he come have couched the hearest horse as it strode by; so close that he heard the musical gurgle of the liquid contents of the keg. The effect of that sound was truly remarkable. The old man's fears were utterly forgotten. He only remembered that full three days had elapsed since a drop of liquor passed his lips; that the three Confederate soldiers ahead of him here along which always have a doubt conbore a keg which, almost beyond a doubt, contained some kind of spirituous liquor.

Cautiously Joe left his covert, and began

trailing the soldiers by ear. He was acting purely by instinct. He had not considered what he should do. There was liquor before him, and that was sufficient for the time being.

The task of trailing was not a long one. In a few minutes Joe heard the soldiers stop and dismounts and his care talk him that they were mount, and his ear told him that they were hitching their animals. Beyond a doubt they were preparing to have a regular debauch.

moon, high up in the heavens, witnessed the compact.

"And now, if you choose, I can bring to your assistance some good, stout fellows who will be more than a match for double their number of these Tejon Camp bullies," Blake remarked.

"You can?" and the Californian opened his eyes in wonder.

"They are black sheep, every one of them, but we must fight fire with fire."

"No matter who or what they are, so long as they will back my quarrel and help me to fight these villains of this robber town!"

"The men I speak of bave a haunt in the mountains only a few miles from here," Blake explained. "They are outlaws, every man of them; not a living soul in the band but for whom an outraged law is reaching."

"I care not so long as they fight my battles for me, and if I succeed I will make every man of them; not a living soul in the band but for whom an outraged law is reaching."

"I care not so long as they fight my battles for me, and if I succeed I will make every man of them; not a living soul in the band but for whom an outraged law is reaching."

"I care not so long as they fight my battles for me, and if I succeed I will make every man of them; not a living soul in the band but for whom an outraged law is reaching."

"But one thing I had forgotten," Blake added.

"Well, what is it?"

"But one thing I had forgotten," Blake added.

"Well, what is it?"

lesh, and never relaxing their gripe until the fellow lay limp and lifeless beneath Joe's knee. Highly elated with his bloodless victory, Joe

took one long drink, then, using strips cut from their own clothing, bound his captives securely hand and foot. hand and foot.

Ten minutes later, a scouting party of Federal soldiers, whose curiosity had been awal eneed by the pistol-shot in a region where martial law was in force, looked out upon a quaintly ri-

Joe and his captives were seated around the

Joe and his captives were seated around the keg, playing cards "for the drinks." As his were the only hands at liberty, Joe dealt for all, facing all cards but his own, and, with a cocked pistol lying before him, politely advising each captive in turn which card he had better play. It is hardly necessary to add that the drinks were all won and disposed of by the one man. From this exploit, Joe gained not a little notoriety, and as long as he served in the army, he was a privileged character. At times he did good service, especially as a scout and spy, but that was only when it was impossible to procure liquor.

Hayor.

He was finally discharged at St. Louis, with several hundred dollars in back pay. An hour afterward he had not a cent left. A well-dressed stranger met him, one hand over his eye, in great apparent pain, and begged him to extract a cinder from his eye. Kind-hearted Joe sought for it in vain, and while doing so, the stranger quietly nicked his nocket.

Ashamed of being duped, Joe kept the story secret and started on foot for St. Joseph. and walked every step of the way, old as he was. It may be as well to add that I learned what is here set down from the lips of the old man himself, and have no doubt of its truth.

Fashion Chat.

SHAWL shaped collars are new items connected with cloak-making. In size they are made to suit the shoulders and figure of the wearer.

BEAUTIFUL ball dresses are of shaded plush, reproducing all the tints of moss. They are called moss dresses and are fastened with che-nille buttons and trimmed with chenille fringe to match.

THE Polonaise is by no means discarded, though the adoption of the short dress has somewhat interfered with its popularity for the street. With demi-trained skirts it is altogether pretty and stylish. DARK materials are often relieved with small quantity of gold or of bright-colored silk. Plaids are still fashionable, but not bright ones;

their colors are blended one into the other, in the same way as stripes. In bonnets, the latest form is the Pamela, made in bronze velvet, trimmed with burnished gold ornaments and with a shot satin, called the sublime, which is totally distinct in color on the two sides and is very soft in texture.

Fine white cashmeres, and all wool delaines, fashionably called India mousselines, make some of the handsomest toilets worn by young ladies this winter; they are soft and creamy in color, and are almost universally becoming. SMALL pendants shaped like acorns or tassels

are sold by the dozen to be sewn among the plaits of lace trimming; many ladies buy plain passementerie trimming and sew on these pen-dants themselves. Small grass tassels are also used for the same. CLUSTERS of ribbons are again employed at

the back of the neck, and loops of the same are placed inside and drawn through buttonholes on the fronts of basques, etc. The width of the ribbon is not over half an inch, and the fashion shows one or two shades of ribbon. Among materials that occupy a prominent place in costume goods, are the pekinades; these come in silk, satin or woolen and silk mixed; the effect is rich and somewhat resembles in tex-

ture the bourette goods, although this is formed by the raised work and not by the colors. BUTTONS form one of the most important trimmings of both dresses and street garments, and both medium sized flat ones and the small bullet shapes are used. Metal buttons, colored glass ones in garnet, blue and other shades are used, as also crochet, horn, pearl and nickel. Gilt buttons are very popular for plaid cos-

Some of the newest bamboo chairs have a bolster cushion for the upper portion of the back, which with the seat is intended to be covered with needlework; and some of the prettiest cushions are made long and narrow, not as here-tofore square, of cloth covered with close set embroidery, and bordered all around with soft woolen tassels of delicate mixtures of color.

woolen tassels of delicate mixtures of color.

The newest fringe for trimming cloaks and dresses of rich silks, satin or velvet is called seal-skin fringe, and is made of very fine chenille strands, hanging straight, without a heading. The effect is soft and rich, especially in black and old gold shades. Other chenille fringes are mixed with beads and with silk; the chenille is in clusters, and the silk is netted as a heading in the meshes.

heading in the meshes. Among black materials, satin perle ranks as Among black materials, satin perie ranks as the newest. It has just been introduced in Paris, and is a dead, soft, silky fabric, studded with bright satin spots and combined happily with striped velvet and French moire. This latter goods should not be confounded with moire antique with its large watered figures, for it has small waves, and sometimes in alteractic stripes with actin as just wide with the stripe pate stripes, with satin an inch wide.

A SHORT ball-dress, that will be becoming to young ladies, is made of white satin and gauze. The skirt is trimmed with three fine flutings, The skirt is trimmed with three fine flutings, the last put on with a heading. A second skirt of white gauze, is pleated across the front, and has paniers of white satin, edged with flutings. The flutings are continued upon each side of the bodice, turning off at the shoulder. The back and sides of the bodice are of white satin, and finished with the flutings. The front part is a pleated plastron of white gauze over satin. The bodice is cut low and square and has short sleeves, finished with a gauze frilling, which is also about the neck.

Paniers gain ground; they are modest in size, but their dimensions are gradually increasing. There are several methods of rendering the back breadths of a dress bouffaut. First, there are paniers made of hair-cloth, and others of cambric muslin with steel springs: these are about twelve inches long, and are worn at a distance of two inches below the waist. Another plan is to take a breadth of heavy white other plan is to take a breadth of heavy white muslin the exact size of the breadths of the train; cover this with nainsook, and arrange "Well, partner, I might as well take a hand in the fun, for I am already mixed up in the affair, and I shall probably have to do my share of the fighting, anyway."

"Since you will take my quarrel upon your back, join me, then!" and the youth extended his hand, impulsively, as he spoke.

The two clasped hands and the big, round

"The two clasped hands and the big, round were preparing to have a regular debauch. Inch by inch the old man advanced, nor paused until he could, by peering from under a dense clump of bushes, watch every motion of the enemy. They were already seated around the keg, drinklng—good, strong whisky, as Joe's stilllating nostrils bore evidence.

Dry, parched with thirst as he was, it was a terribly aggravating sight. To lie there in

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Philip S. Warne's New Story!

BOWIE.

The Knight of Chivalry:

What a Woman Will Do.

Gambler, duelist and adventurer though James Bowie was he was a type of man rarely met even in the country of rare charactersthe West and South. In local remembrance his memory is preserved in the stories of his terrible duels, and especially of that one wherein he and his antagonist-each armed heart's with a long two-edged knife-were stripped and locked in a room, and from that

Death Grapple in the Dark

Bowie alone came forth alive, but fearfully wounded in all parts of his body. Which affair is one of the incidents of this romance. But he was neither ruffian nor blackguard; on the contrary, was possessed of a fine sense of honor; was honest, truthful and temperate; and that he was capable of love in its purest, noblest sense, this almost

TERRIBLY DRAMATIC STORY

gives ample evidence. It is a tale of New Orleans, depicting something of its fast and feverish life, two generations ago, when "gentlemen" gambled, and fought duels, and dissipated generally; but, though redolent of such facts, they but form the groundwork from which spring the

Love, Passion, Suffering and Heroism that render the work one of inthralling interest and moral beauty.

To Commence in No. 467.

Sunshine Papers.

For You and for Me.

SAID a young mother, one night, while rocking her baby asleep, to a little lisper just put in bed, "Why are you calling me?" "I'se wants my hans wassed. Dey'se all

"You naughty boy!" said the lady, not very severely but reprovingly. "I cannot wash your hands until baby is asleep; so be quiet until

But presently she discovered that the little vent to his grief until his mother, surprised, for he was a remarkably good-humored, happytempered child, asked why he was crying. When, to her consternation, he sobbed out: 'Tos oo tay I'se notty boy! Oo teep taying

I'se notty, notty, notty boy!" She soon was at liberty to wipe off the sticky little hands, and comfort and soothe to sleep their chubby owner. Then she meditated of Will he always be as thoughtful? Will he be the complaint registered against her by the kind and gentle to his wife, studious not to small accuser, and critically recalling the past give her trouble and unnecessary cares? Will found that she had fallen into the habit of ex- he think that work done for her is no task, but it don't seem to be able to draw any wood. claiming at every trifling annoyance caused by her tiny son: "You naughty boy!" but, big armfuls of wood, heavy pails of water, or a little heat go in, for mercy's sake." until now, had never dreamed that the child, heaping baskets of dried clothing and not offer

her thoughtless words of censure. But he had, indeed, and his loving, tender little heart had been wounded again and again by his mother's irritable rebukes, until the burden had become too grievous to be longer borne.

Said she, relating the incident afterward: "It was a good lesson to me, to be thoughtful and just when I reproved my children, and to restrain irritable and nervous outbreaks at small annoyances; such little things and such careless words may wound loving hearts.'

And does not the incident hold a lesson for us all-for parents, for children, for brothers and sisters, for husbands and wives? Do we never make careless, thoughtless speeches, utter with bitter pain into the hearts of our loved ones? Do we never feel "out of sorts" and speak crossly each label. I am puzzled and cannot see into words. ones? Do we never feel "out of sorts" and speak crossly, and look severe, and receive the proffered caress with indifference?

And yet—that one unkind word may sadden true man, for I know you deserve them all.

ome hours that should be the happiest of your some nours that should be the happiest of your child's life; that rude speech may rankle with pain in your mother's heart for years; that hateful reply may rise uppermost in your brother's mind when he lies dying in a foreign land, and summoning to his memory recollections of home and kindred; that sarcasm may tinge many an unconfessed meditation of your husband's with gall; that indifferent caress and parting may blot all joy-for days-out of

You call these little things? There are no little things—for as surely as the sea-shore is but the aggregated mass of individual grains of sand, and the boundless wastes of waters but myriad drops pulsing in unity, so is every word we utter—however thoughtless, howe er harsh, however unkind—one of the parts which round out our lives and the lives of others into a completed whole. And constant censure may result in divorcing your child's love from you few needless unkindnesses may destroy all the peace of your parent's life; rash speeches may lose one a brother's or a sister's affection and sympathy; sarcasm and indifference may alienate husbands and wives. The hearts of nen and women are easily made sad, easily sown with jealousy and distrust, easily estranged. Then guard well against the careless speech, and the chilling manner. Let not sickness, weariness, nervousness, worriment, a emptation to retaliation, betray you into unaind censure of your dear ones.

Some persons are much less sensitive than others, but often the most sensitive dispositions are scarcely known, so shrinkingly are they hidden under reserve or seeming calm indifference. We may not judge of the extent of the wound our careless or unjust speech may give. We may not even judge of how much pitterness it may cost us, if some strange meting out of Providence should render it impos sible to retract or forget it: if the "notty boy" has a little croupy cough, a few hours of suffering, and then lies a little waxen figure, unable to respond to wild embrace and pas-sionate kisses; if father's gray hairs lie under the freshly-turned sods, or mother's dear, dim eyes have closed forever before we can recall that harsh word; if brother goes down "with the raging of the sea," and we have never taken back the cruel taunts; if husband never comes home to have the sarcasm recalled, while soft arms clasp his neck and soft tears drop upon his careworn but truthful face; if wife should never lift her dear eyes and glad face for a heartfelt caress. And, ah! we never know how long we shall have our darlings with us!

But, even if we retract the thoughtless speech, can we undo the stab of pain given with the saying of it? Never! The pain was real-it was suffered-that suffering we are powerless to undo, however we may seek to right the wrong, and do better in the future. Then why speak crossly in our homes? We

Ah, but do we forget when we have guests with us? If we can be thoughtful when we think we shall be hardly criticised by those who possess not the smallest share in our saffection, shall we not be thoughtful ove's sake alone? Let us try, dear readersoh! let us try! For this lesson is for you and for me—for every mortal to learn:

"If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind,
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

"For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go torth at morning
Who never come back at night,
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,

And smiles for the sometime gues
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn

Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late, To undo the work of the morn.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

THE FUTURE: WHAT WILL IT BE?

As we become intensely interested in a novel our curiosity is excited to such an extent that we cannot wait for the termination, but turn to the end "to see how the story turns out;" and so it is with personages by whom we are surrounded; we want to look ahead and see what parts our friends will assume in this great drama of life, on this stage of multifarious changes. I was led to this thought by seeing a number of young people passing my window on their way to school. I wondered what stations of life they would be called upon

to fill, and in what manner they would occupy There was Annie, so gentle and retiring; so intent were her thoughts upon study as not to notice whether the sky was sunny or sunless; quiet in her manners and demeanor. his change as she grows older? Will she want to wander up and down the country, expatiat-

ng on woman's wrongs? Will she want to vote? Will she neglect home, husband and children to champion the right of a Chinaman fellow was sobbing; and though she endeavored to bush him, and assured him that his hands a tandem team? Or, will home be the dearest should soon be wiped, he continued to give spot to her-husband and children be her dearest friends-and she be so truly womanly that friends will say she is but a little lower

than the angels? Then there was merry, happy-faced Horace the little lad who always gives me a polite bow, as he passes my window, and who, if he sees I am busy, will wait until I look up from

years old, had heeded and fully comprehended the boot-jack, snarl if the meals are not "on time," snap because the provision bill is too high or raise a general row because affairs are not just as he would like to have them? No; I don't think this will be like my young friend; I cannot believe it of Horace.

And Aggie! So full of life, animation and

good, healthful spirits: I wonder who can paint her future? I'd like to have her always just as she is now, as good tempered, as helpful, as thoughtful and with just as contented a disposition as she is blessed with. Of course she will outgrow her youth—we all have to do that—but I don't want her to outgrow her many good traits. I can't bear to think she will scold her husband, or think that fine dress

I have settled your fate, Ernest; you are to be a farmer and have the freshest of eggs, the sweetest of butter, the purest of milk and the dearest and best of wives; your home is to be surrounded with everything that is pleasant and peaceful, and your house will be the snug gest, cosiest spot in creation, for, you know when I get to be an old lady, in cap and spec tacles, I'm coming to see you and the grand-children. And, there's to be a pond full of lilies, with such a lovely boat, all close to the house, and there are to be no musketoes, or po tato-bugs within one hundred miles! How I

shall be disappointed if you are to overthrow all my plans, and, some fine day, bid us goodby and start to some far-away mining country, leaving "Ida"—will her name be Ida?—to cry 'Twas but a few years back I was planning a bright future for little Alice, but, so far as its earthly brightness was concerned, my

prophecy was at fault, yet her future proved far brighter than I anticipated. She is with

"She is singing by Life's river,
With a crown upon her head!
Then why should we be sorry
When they whisper—'She is dead!" May God spare all the little ones to us for nany a year, to cheer and brighten our pas-

sage when we near the dark river and life fades fast from our view. Let us cherish them now as we hope to be cared for by them hereafter.

"But if He see fit to take them,
Ere their years of life be run,
Let no murmur mar our sorrow—
Let us say: 'Thy will be done!'" EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

The Hotel Stove.

I TRAVEL over this country a great deal, and always stop at a hotel—unless I happen to have acquaintances in the town. I travel in a plain way, as I am a plain man, eschewing every thing that is frivolous and vain, being of Quaker extraction and soberly sedate.

I sometimes sit in the hotel office close to the stove to warm my rheumatism, and though I must admit that the hotel stove in question, and also in cold weather, isn't always as comfortable as it deserves to be, yet my heart is pained when I hear unseemly jokes cracked upon it by guests who use their mouths a good deal when they talk. I think it is all greatly wrong and very unnecessary, and it should be squelched promptly. I am earnestly opposed to making fun of anything. I do not think it is right. Of the many miserable remarks about the poor, helpless hotel stove which I have been compelled to overhear, I reproduce a few from my memorandum-book, which I put down occasionally; the perpetrators in many cases were properly and promptly pun-ished, and I was glad of it.

A country fellow came in and sat down on that stove and began eating a ginger-cake. He evidently did not think it was a stove; but he fooled himself and sat there a little too ong, and when he attempted to get up he found that he was froze fast to it. He was rescued with great difficulty. The general verdict was that it was a justifiable case, as it could not be helped."

"That stove has been deserted by its old flame. If the landlord would only light a lamp and put it inside of it, it would look more com-

Isn't that what you call a cold-air stove?" "I guess when farmers bring in three-quarters of a cord for a cord of wood the landlord

generally buys the other quarter." 'That stove is all-fired cold.' "Give that stove a warm punch, porter, if

The landlord freezes you here by this stove,

but he warms you up on that register on the counter though." "That stove is no burning shame." "Somebody left the door open and the fire

"The landlord uses that stove as a refrigerator where he keeps his meat and milk."
"You are mistaken; he rents that stove for a magazine, and merchants keep their powder stored in it. It is the safest place they could

"The very legs of that stove are shivering, Why don't the landlord put a warm brick to its feet?"

"What a terrible bad cold that stove has got. If they would give it a dose of liniment, that would warm it up a little."

"Porter, couldn't you scrape a little of the frost off the outside of that stove?" "No apologies, sir. I would rather you would stand between me and that stove, as it

keeps some of the cold away."

"It don't seem possible that the iron in that stove was ever hot enough to be in a melted "If that stove had been made of wood it

is never any fire in it to hurt it." "That stove would cure a fever in ten "The landlord started to fix that fire up but the splinter he went out after he got in his

finger, so he had to give it up.' Wood is worth a good deal in this town; at least, a few sticks in that stove would be very valuable just now.'

That stove's as hot as a cold oven." "The sentimental woodman must have obeyed injunctions and spared the tree that would have made a good fire in that stove." "Landlord, if you would put that stove upon

the top of the house and bring the chimney down in here it would be warmer, "That stove seems to draw well enough, but

so happy of disposition and scarcely three to help her? Will he growl if he cannot find but it wouldn't stay so." "The landlord had that stove hot last week, "That green wood certainly must be very

green to sing so while it is burning."
"You have to put up with it, for every time
you say the fire's down the landlord fires up." 'What's the use of them putting wood in that stove? they know that it only burns up. You should not ask them."

"Since I come to think of it I think that must have been the furnace which Shamrock Meshack and Abednego went through. I see how it could be done, now. That stove is heat-

"What is that drum for on that stove? Oh, that's for drumming up a fire, but they haven't

got any sticks to-day."
"That is about the kind of a fire I would like to die and go to, if I have to go.' "If the landlord would set that stove out of

loors it would freeze up everything, and perhaps bring a heavy fall of snow.' "That stove is a jolly old smoker, notwithstanding it is out at the elbows."

"Two such stoves as that would freeze us to "You can wrap up in your overcoats and furs and sit by that stove very comfortably." "Porter, couldn't you amuse yourself with

little game of poker with that stove and fetch I wish they would take this stove out in the kitchen and warm it up a little."

"If you could make that stove roar a few] think it would create a furore."
"The landlord ought to be arrested for cruelty in starving that poor hungry stove

"The fire is snapping, you say? Yes, but it eems to me to be a very cold snap."
"What is that thermometer by that stove

for? To tell how cold it is or how hot it isn't, I guess, 'What is the use for them to have a damper

to that stove? The wood seems to be damp enough for all impracticable purposes, goodness

"The landlord would fire up, but he says that is the way chimneys take fire. That's the kind of stove that doesn't consume any

wood—if you don't put any in."

Really, the average hotel stove lacks some thing; it may be fuel, but I hate to shiver around it and hear such outrageous levity about it. It is not humorous by any means. It

is too sad a thing. Yours, coldly. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

Russian ladies are often inveterate smokers of cigarettes, and, at railway stations and other points of transit, scratch their matches on walls or posts, like men. They frequently ask motor a light from their ci

—It is stated that in Iroquois county, Ill., 53,500,000 gallons of water are supplied daily by artesian wells for the irrigation of land. These wells do not in any instance exceed 75 feet in depth; they are of small bore, and within a radius of 20 miles there are 200 of them.

-Wolves in Nebraska are numerous and very annoying to settlers. In many of the northern and central counties the voracious creatures enter barn-yards. Driven by bunger they are very bold and flerce. Wolf-hunts are there an every-day occurrence; so we advise those of our readers eager for sport to go to Nebraska.

readers eager for sport to go to Nebraska.

—The recent extraordinary performance of Madame Anderson in Brooklyn—walking 2,700 quarter miles in 2,700 consecutive quarter hours—has added no little to the interest in all athletic sports. That interest is now invading the "better circles," or most respectable classes, and bids fair to become a means of introducing among women as well as among men exercise that must result in a development of physical vigor. Madame Anderson is a lady of excellent character, and will do much, in her exhibitions throughout the country, to popularize sports throughout the country, to popularize sports among the better classes—a very good work to

—Messiter, the English sportsman, who has just returned from Dakota to Harrisburg, Pa, to spend the winter and spring, is a character that if portrayed in a "dime novel" would be regarded as an exaggeration. He lives near Harrisburg, but gets his wealth from England. He is the proprietor of 12,000 acres of land and three small villages in the "old country." His income is princally. He has builted exercitions ne English sportsman, who has income is princely. He has hunted everything from an elephant to a jack-rabbit. He was three years the chief of a band of Arabs in three years the chief of a band of Arabs in Arabia. His object was adventure and a knowledge of the people. He is by far the most accomplished gentleman who has ever traveled this way as a hunter. His rough life simply refers to some of his sporting feats, in a future paper.

paper. -Anthony Trollope, writing of novel reading, says that a good novel should be both realistic and sensational in the highest degree. If a novel fails in either, he adds, "there is a failure n art. Let those readers who fancy they do not ike sensational scenes, think of some of those passages from our great novelists which have charmed them most—of Rebecca in the castle with Ivanhoe; of the mad lady tearing the vail of the expectant bride in Jane Eyre; of Lady Castle-wood as, in her indignation, she explains to the Duke of Hamilton Harry Esmond's right to be present at the marriage of his Grace with Beatrix. * * Truth let there be—truth of description, truth of character, human truth as to men and women. If there be such truth I let not know the second of the such truth I do not know that a novel can be too sensa-

—Professor Siddons, said to be a grandson of Mrs. Siddons, the actress, has been giving his "Recollections" in a lecture in Washington. Among other things, he said that in 1858 he was tutor in elocution to the Prince of Wales, and relates that, at one of the lessons, the Prince put his feet on the table, and said, "Look at those boots—I made them myself." The professor was, of course, astonished, and thought his royal highness was "chaffing," but the Prince explained that his father, having in mind possible reverses, had insisted that each of his sons should learn a trade. Accordingly, the Prince himself was a very good shoemaker. -Professor Siddons, said to be a grandson of Prince himself was a very good shoemaker. Prince Alfred was learning to make his own clothes, and little Prince Arthur worked occa-sionally with saw and plane, and, as soon as he would be cheaper and do just as well. There making.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Life;" "An Honest Name;" "The Night That Was Day;" "Abiding;" "A New Idea;" "A Christmas Eve Debut;" "Coffee or Tea?" "The Debtor's Last Friend;" "Stars on the Stage; "Mrs. Mason's Uncle;" "Abijah;" "The Ice Car-nival Queen;" "A Last Initiation;" "The General's Retreat."

Retreat."

Declined: "Old Smuggler's Will;" "All For Gold;" "Gold-Hunting in Siberia;" "The Derrydown Chick;" "Hettie's Baby;" "Sister Mary's Sad Mistake;" "Be Sure of Number Two;" "Within the Fold;" "Let Eyes Be the Lamps;" "Prince Charlie;" "The Brownie's Lay;" "Sweet and Low;" "The Rule of Two;" "Say Me But 'Yes';" "The Gift I Bring."

R. O. M. We have no receipt for white ink.

KNUT CRACKER. We do not want the matter mentioned.

J. J. E. Indeed we will not "please make correct copy of the scrawl." We are not engaged in that kind of charity work at present.

L. R. D. "The Derry-down" is declined. Delay in reporting is owing to the great surfeit of matter offered. All of our authors must be patient.

A. C. S. We know of no really effective air pistol.
The only air-gun practically used is one that will
kill a cat at about two hundred feet. We know of J. M. P. MS. unavailable because it was very rude as a composition, and incorrect in grammar and punctuation. Two years' study will be none on much before you essay to write for others to

mas. L. M. The names submitted are all very pretty. Twins should be given names euphonically alike, so we should suggest Dora and Nora; or Cora and Dora; or Una and Luna. If not desired to be thus alike, then Inez and Irma.

OTTO. Temperature in Colorado is dependent on hight of location. Winters, even in the "plains," are very severe, and summers very hot. Cattle ranges must be adjacent to streams, for in summer all grass dies down on the plains and footbills. Write for special information to L. Meeker, Greeley City, Colorado.

JARED KING. Dahcotah (Dakota) lies west of Minnesota. All the lands in the counties bordering on Minnesota have been surveyed, mapped and registered, so are for sale or subject to preëmption and location. The best wheat country in the world is said to be in that region. Gigantic farms are being rapidly opened there.

rapidly opened there.

H. K. M. Many a boy at seventeen does a full man's work. If your "country seat" relative will let you in "on halves" it is certainly a good arrangement. Whatever you undertake do your best and prove that you are a man. No disaster can come of the partnership if the arrangements on the start are well understood on both sides. In all such, we believe, it is customary for each party to furnish half the seed. You do all the work in consideration of the conveniences provided.

Isaacs No. 2. The Jews are not an encional

Isaacs No. 2. The Jews are not an ancient race, but, on the contrary, a modern people, said to be descendants of Abraham. Abraham was an Assyrian of Mesopotamia. The ancient races — Hindoos, Chinese, Persians, Assyrians and Egyptians are supposed to have descended from a common stock, starting in Central Asia. The Greeks, like the Jews, are, comparatively, a modern race, while the Romans and all the people of Europe are of quite recent origin, in a race sense.

JENNIE GEARY. Do not listen to the young man, but refuse all further association with him. Young men of wealth and station are not apt to marry poor and uneducated girls, and the facts that he does not care to visit you at your own home, and has never offered to introduce you to any of his friends prove that he is ashamed to be known as your lover, and that there is no truth in his assurances that he will make you his wife some day. Your pretty face will not atone for your lack of education and ignorance of the requirements of society in his world, while it supplies a reason for his private attentions to you. Dismiss him, summarily, and never allow him to address you further unless in the presence and with the consent of your parents and his.

AMY AMIE. The idea of washing the leaves of

parents and his.

AMY AMIE. The idea of washing the leaves of your house plants, by hand, is absurd, even if some amateur cultivator told you to do it. To rub or even press a leaf is to rob it of pore tubes by which it breathes. Nature showers her plants, liberally and freely, in all stages of their growth. She does no hand-washing of leaves. Put your plant-stands on oilcloth and then shower the plants daily, lightly. Keep the earth moist in the pots, but not soaked with water; that is too much of a good thing. Plants can be drowned as well as animals. Amateurs, and even professional gardeners, like doctors, rather like to magnify the difficulty of their profession, since they think it adds to their professional importance. In house plant culture simply try to imitate the influences of summer out-of-door growth. That is all.

IRMA. The theatrical profession is greatly over-stocked, but what profession is not? If you have taste and talent for dramatic expression cultivate it, by all means.—If you accept the gentleman's carriage and escort to the ball he is entitled to it, by all means.—If you accept the gentleman's carriage and escort to the ball he is entitled to your special attentions, but he would be churlish not to introduce you to such gentlemen as you expressed a wish to have for partners. To ask a lady to go with you in his coach is hardly permissible unless he first suggests it.—As to your straitened circumstances, many a lady is in a similarly embarrassing position, but do not attach too much importance to dress or ornament. Gentlemen by no means most admire women who wear the best clothes. Let your attractions be your own—not the dressmaker's or jeweler's.—If you can obtain pocket money by the little services and attentions you can render, it is commendable in you to be independent enough to thus assist yourself.

Della says: "A gentleman pays many great deal

dependent enough to thus assist yourself.

DELLA says: "A gentleman pays me a great deal of attention, and I like him about as well as any I know; but I don't want to marry him or any one else yet awhile; and I would like to know what to say to him when he proposes to me, as I feel sure he will do soon, though I try not to give him any chance. I can't say I don't love him, for I do, a little. Also, please tell me if you don't think a gentleman ought to kiss his bride, immediately after the marriage ceremony is finished?" Tell the gentleman just what you have told us, that you like him about as well as any man you know, and love him "a little," but do not wish to marry yet. Probably you and he will succeed in arranging matters to your mutual satisfaction.—No; according to the highest authorities upon etiquette, it is not the proper thing for a bridegroom and bride to kiss at the close of the ceremony. That pretty little exchange of sentiment is reserved for their private delectation, and not indulged in for the amusement of the

Economy asks: "Is there any way of cleaning breadths of white silk, at home, so that it will do for lining a white cashmere cloak? How can I freshen black cashmere? How do you pronounce the word Goethe, and D'Israeli or Disraeli? Who was Mephistopheles?" Dissolve curd-soap in water as hot as can be used, and pass the breadths of silk through and through it, gently, rubbing spots until they disappear. Rinse in lukewarm water, and stretch upon a mattress or carpet, upon sheets, to dry; tastening securely and smoothly with pins.—Sponge the cashmere with borax water—one teaspoonful of borax to a pint of water. Press, while damp, upon wrong side.—Pronounce Goethe as if witten Ger-tuh—the e like e in her, and the u like u in nut, only more obscure, and the h almost silent: the emphasis is upon the first syllable—the second is very short. Disrael is pronounced Diz-rael-ee—long a as in may, and emphasis upon the second syllable.—Mephistopheles, according to demonology, is the second of the seven chief devils—the most powerful after Satan.

Fred Duncan. It is the hight of ill-breeding for

clothes, and little Prince Arthur worked occasionally with saw and plane, and, as soon as he was strong enough, was to be taught cabinetmaking.

—It is true that in Washington society old ladies hold honored positions and influence. Of those frequently mentioned, Mrs. Bancroftwife of the historian—is one of the most noted. She returns most of her calls in person, and it is a treat to listen to her ready flow of conversation, abounding in anecdotes or sketches of the distinguished people she has known at home and in Europe. She says she considers the best class (meaning best in respect to culture and breading) in our own country fully the equal of the same class in any country, and superior in some respects. When told, the other day, that General Sherman had said that, although he had seen all the royal women of Europe, he had never seen any superior to Mrs. Hayes, she considered h rs. Hayes's manners as nearly perfect as possible, the more so that they are sevidently prompted by the goodness of her heart. The habit in American homes and society of relegating elderly ladies to retirement is equally impertinent and outrageous; and this example set by Washington society is worthy of all imitation.

FRED DUNCAN. It is the hight of ill-breeding for any person, lady or gentleman, to receive an invitation of any kind and neither accept nor acknowledge it. Invitations to dinners, breakfasts, balls, sources, parties, receptions, etc., should be answered within a day or two of their eaception, etc., should be answered within a day or two of their eaception, sources, parties, receptions, etc., should be answered within a day or two of their eaception, etc., should be drawed to making.

FRED DUNCAN. It is the hight or fally or garlies, to dege it. Invitations to dinners, breakfasts, balls, sources, parties, receptions, etc., should be answered within a day or two of their eaception, etc., should be answered within a day or two of their invitation, the invitation of which you nevel, it is in a within a day or two of their s FRED DUNCAN. It is the hight of ill-breeding for

THE DYING BARD.

BY JOHN H. WHITSON.

Come, let your snowy fingers sweep Across the wild harp's quivering strings; And give to me the soothing sleep And blissful calm its music brings.

Search out each soft and cheering note, And fling its sweetness on the air; Let every pulsing echo float And die away in beauty there.

That wild, weird harp in days long past Has soothed me with its gentle tone— Entranced me with its thrilling blast, And chilled me with its curdling moan.

Life's dreary path had been too long— My soul long since had sought its rest, Had not its cheering, soothing song Brought peace and sunshine to this breast.

Its fiery notes in days of youth Have sown ambition in my soul; In sob-irer years its light and truth Were shed upon a nobler goal.

But now in age, the flery notes Have changed into a sobbing moan, And every soothing song that floats Above it, has a saddened tone.

Still, sweep the strings, and let its song Float o'er me in a surging wave; For it has been my comfort long, Now let it cheer me to the grave!

Gussie's Happy Escape.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Handsome! Handsome! Why, he's the very handsomest man I ever saw in my life."
Miss Saxonie put the question and Gussie Vescelius answered it in her pretty, eager way that so many people thought so charming.
She was a charming girl, without mistake; petite and graceful as a swaying lily on its stem; unselfish to such a degree that her friendship was a desirable treasure to possess; and so entirely unconscious of all her modest loveliness that it was enhanced a thousandfold.
And now there was a new, joyous beauty in her big gray eyes, that looked so eager and interested beneath their heavy black brows as Miss Saxonie mentioned Hugh Kenneth's name, for into her life this man had come, bringing such strange sweetness that the girl was almost

such strange sweetness that the girl was almost overcome by it.

overcome by it.

He was her first lover, and that means so much! Not her first beau, nor even her first suitor, but that other totally different creature, her lover and beloved—her splendid, kingly lover, who had condescended from his high estate to woo her.

She loved him entirely. Loved and admired

estate to woo her.

She loved him entirely. Loved and admired, trusted and revered, and because she could pour out on him all her heart's treasures she was perfectly content, realizing from day to day that heaven itself had come down to her for her ac-

And now, after months of absence from home,

And now, after months of absence from home, Gussie's bosom friend and confidant, Maude Saxonie, had returned, and of course must hear over again, from Gussie's happy lips, all the delightful romance that had been so exhaustively treated in their correspondence.

So Maude asked, and Gussie answered, until the whole sweet treasure of the little betrothed's heart was unfolded, and Maude read what Gussie's loveliness, and innocent childishness, and charming winsomeness, and girlish beauty, it was more her snug little fortune Hugh Kenneth was after than anything else.

more her snug little fortune Hugh Kenneth was after than anything else.

Only it would have been so heartlessly cruel to have whispered her suspicion to the girl, and perhaps it might have been only a suspicion.

So Maude held her peace, and caressed Gussie's soft black hair as the girl went on repeating her happiness, and telling her friend how devoted and exquisitely good, and splendidly grand, her Hugh Kenneth was; and what blessed dreams and hopes she enjoyed of the life that promised

and hopes she enjoyed of the life that promised so rosily before her.

And Maude went away, with a little sigh that Gussie could not have understood—a sigh of wonder if the rosy dreams would ever be verified; a sigh of prophetic pity for the golden hopes that were so beautiful to the happy girl.

A lovely October afternoon was drawing near sunsetting, and Broadway was a scene of animation and gayety that almost be wildered litthe many doors of Stewart's establishment, arn ed with a pretty little maroon leather sachel filled to fullest capacity with a hundred and one little elegancies that tasteful shoppers love to buy; for Gussie was shopping, with plenty of money, and with the most momentous occasion of her

life in near vicinage.

It had all been arranged several weeks before, and the wedding was to come off during the holidays—Hugh's and Gussie's wedding, and Gussie was as shyly happy as the autumn days were bright, for Hugh was so devoted, so impationt so concerally perfect.

tient, so generally perfect.

At home everybody approved, from the dear indulgent parents whose highest happiness was to promote Gussie's, and who permitted the bride elect carte-blanche in her arrangements, down to the merest acquaintance who knew of the approaching event.

the approaching event.

Everybody—except Maude Saxonie, and Maude Saxonie felt it her duty to say just a few

Mande Saxonie felt it her duty to say just a few words one day.

"And I'd rather diet on bread-and-water a week than have to tell you. I am so afraid for your happiness, dear. If you ask me why, I have only the very unsatisfactory reason Dr. Fell's particular enemy gave—but, Gussie, I am afraid Mr. Kenneth cares more for your fortune

She had not finished the sentence, because

Gussie's black eyes began to flash.

"Maude! You mustn't speak so to me of my
Hugh! I cannot hear such treason of him."

But Maude was resolved on her unpleasant
duty—and Duty so nearly always makes such

"Bear with me, dear—only this once, and if after time shall disprove my fears, I will accept your displeasure then. Only now—while there is time—I wish you could learn just a little more about him." Then Gussie had turned coldly away from her

friend.

"You insult me, Maude. I would never have thought this of you—this horrid cruelty and cruel suspicion. And as for Mr. Kenneth—I am satisfied; I will not permit my dearest friend to speak such wicked treason, and for the future I speak such wicked treason, and for the future I speak such wicked treason, and for the future I speak such wicked treason, and for the future I sessly on its hinges, and the interrogatory was

decline to discuss the subject."

Yet the two had not quarreled, because
Maude loved Gussie too well to be offended at maude loved Gussie too well to be offended at the girl's natural indignation; and somehow, as Gussie sat in the stage that conveyed her to the Grand Central Depot, she fell to thinking of all these things; and wishing so heartily that Maude only could see Hugh Kenneth in the same light in which she saw him—so noble and grand so devoted and good. So purely disin-

grand, so devoted and good, so purely disinterested and kind.

It was dark before she reached the depotfully a train later than she had intended, and she found she was obliged to wait nearly half

an hour for another.

So she ensconced herself in a quiet, dimly lighted corner, where she could look out on the brilliantly lighted scene that kept changing like a kaleidoscope, and yet be so secluded that no one would see her unless specially looking for her; and with her plain gray traveling-suit, and unassuming straw hat, with the gray tissue scarf wrapped around the crown, she certainly would never have elicited a second glance from any one in that rush and hurry of change and travel. So she settled comfortably back in the dark shadows, her sachel on her lap, her shawl over her arm, prepared to enjoy her brief season of waiting; and thinking, away down in her heart, how perfectly lovely it would be if only Hugh were sitting there beside her—thinking, with little thrills of delight, that it would not be so

very long before he would be always by her side.

And, just that minute, there walked into one of the doors, down the large room directly toward her, and took seats not a yard from her, one of the most beautiful, stylish girls she had ever seen and—Hunch Kennath!

and held it close to Gwen's face, which she keenly scrutinized. She was a haggard, hard-featured woman of thirty-five or forty.

"Good God!" she sharply ejaculated, after a minute's silence, "why be you here?"

"Do you know me?" said Gwen, incautiously. side.

And, just that minute, there walked into one of the doors, down the large room directly toward her, and took seats not a yard from her, one of the most beautiful, stylish girls she had ever seen, and—Hugh Kenneth!

The first sensation was delight at seeing him; the next, a vague, strange feeling at seeing him with some one else, and whose manner to him, and his to her, savored so indignutably of con-

and his to her, savored so indisputably of cor

and his to her, savored so indisputably of cordial intimacy.

For one little minute Gussie was uncertain what to to; then Mr. Kenneth's low, clear tones that reached her ears as distinctly as though he had addressed her, made her quietly pull her vail over her face and sit still.

"It was so good of you to come up to the depot with me, Nina! For all you were so cruel to me once on a time. You temper your mercilessness charmingly, Nina—"
Gussie felt a strange misery creeping deathlily

Gussie felt astrange misery creeping deathlily over her that was not relieved by a sweet an-swering laugh, like a chime of silver-tongued

"Because I wouldn't have you is no reason you need rush off and marry some silly little village girl, is it? It's too Lad, Hugh, for you to be running away off into the country two or three times a week. She don't care for you as weed."

we do."

"She hasn't much attraction, I'll admit, Nina, but a fellow has to have a show of decency at any rate. The old people are rolling in gold, and Gussie—oh, well, I shall not be ashamed of her, but that's about as far as it goes."

"Then she's not pretty, nor stylish, nor refined? Hugh, it's too bad of vou!"

Gussie sat like a stone, her hands tightening on her sachel-handie like little icy clasps.

"You've nobody but yourself to blame, Nina, and if I go and marry a girl I don't care two pins for, simply because she can pay my debts and keep me as I would like to be kept, in elegant leisure, I should say you were the last one to criticise."

"I'm not presuming to criticise; I think I

"I'm not presuming to criticise; I think I only am—well, sympathizing."
She laughed coquettishly, and tapped Mr. Sympathizing? With me or Miss Vesce-

"With you, of course—thinking how important Mrs. Hugh will be when she has bestowed her gold upon you."

Kenneth laughed.

"Thanks, very much, ma chere! When we're married, I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master. I'm off now; that's my train; only imagine, in an hour I shall be pouring my protestations in my ladye faire's ears—and thinking all the while how good you are."

"All expert the requirity fortune."

All except the requisite fortune! Good-by, Hugh!"
And in the rush to the gates Gussie saw her betrothed lover retain "Nina's" pretty gloved hand in a close grasp and then she dragged herself out into the same car, and sat where she could see the back of his handsome head, all the way home, and suffer her pain.

She reached the house before him, and was in the parlor when he was announced, and came in, gay, smiling, rapturous as ever.

"My darling!"
She brought the pat salutation to an untimely

She brought the pat salutation to an untimely end.
"Were you addressing me, or did you im-

were you addressing me, or did you imagine you were still in the company of the young lady who escorted you to the depot?"

He looked at her pale, indignant face.

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

Her lips curled.
"I am yery sure I understand and the time."

Her lips curled.

"I am very sure I understand, and that is enough for me. Another time when you and your friend Nina have so many confidences to exchange, take better care to know who hears you. I came up on your train to-night. I was in the same seat at the depot. That is all."

And for all the hauteur of tone and manner as she dismissed him, even Maude Saxonie would have pitied the unspoken woe, the misery of disappointment, the ache of the girl's heart that looked out of her eyes as she saw Hugh Kenneth go away from her forever.

EPICEDE.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

If, when last autumn, beautiful things were dying— Loved of pure hearts—on hill and plain and slope,

Thou wert so lovely, for thy life was teeming With high resolves I thought would never a And thy soft eyes, with heavenly luster beam Spoke of a spirit pure, a heart at peace. Then hadst thou died, I should have hoped so

sweetly, Ruling my heart by God's dear laws of love, Vhen this dark life is gone, that passes fleetly, To meet thee in the angel-world above.

Now thou art worse than dead; all sense of duty Is gone, all love and truth, all hope and trust; Even thy form, once fair, has I's tis beauty—Without their presence it is only dust.

How I would rather—is but known to Heaven Have sung 1 hopeful funeral song for thee, Than mourn thy sweet endowments rashly given To worldly lusts and sinful revelry.

A Bride at Sixteen;

The Gulf Between Them.

BY RETT WINWOOD, AUTHOR OF "WIFE OR WIDOW?" "A GIRL'S
HEART," "KATHERINE'S MARRIAGE," "A
DANGEROUS WOMAN," "ETHEL DREEME,"

SWEETHEART AND WIFE," ETC. CHAPTER XVI.

GWENDOLEN'S PERIL AND COURAGE There was nothing but darkness, and midnight, And tempest, and storm, in the breast Of the Count Rinaldo Rinaldi. — MEREDITH.

Of course the singular words which had reached her ears were a challenge and countersign.

Twendolen in tantly decided that such was the case, at any rate; and with the daring that was one of the strongest elements of her character, the determined to see for herself what it all

first comer had done, and when it swung noise-lessly on its hinges, and the interrogatory was put, replied as he had replied:

put, replied as he had replied:

"Locksley and Shannon."

The next instant she found herself in a pitch-dark passage, and had nearly cracked her skull against a projecting beam, or pillar, or post—she felt the object, but could not see it.

"Come this way. You'd better keep hold o' my hand, I reckon," said a voice which, though a very gruff one, Gwendolen was glad to perceive belonged to a woman.

She groped for the hand in the darkness, caught it, and stumbled on. Suddeuly her unseen guide stopped short, exclaiming in a suspicious tone:

"Be you one on us? Not even the capt'n has a hand so soft as this I'm holding. It ain't rough, like mine, and it ain't brawny like the rest.

Who be you, anyhow?"
Gwen's heart leaped into her mouth, but she answered with an appearance of calmness:
"Did I not give the countersign correctly?"
"To be sure. But—" To be sure. But—"
Then, of course, I am a friend, and have a

"Then, of course, I am a friend, and have a right to enter."

No answer was returned to this, but the woman immediately went on, still keeping fast hold of Gwendolen's hand. Soon a second door was reached, and they emerged into a dirty, dingy-looking room where two or three tallow candles were burning.

The woman instantly caught up one of these,

"I know you're no boy, and that you ain't one on us!"
"Don't betray me," said Gwen, imploringly,

The woman frowned.
"Tell me what you want? It was as much as our life was worth, coming here. Do you know

your life was worth, coming here. Do you know what we are?"

"River thieves," was the answer.

"Ay, and a bad lot at that—desperate bad. Come with me, I'll take pity on your innocence and let you out. But we've no time to lose. Quick!—it will be too late if anybody sees you." She pushed Gwendolen toward the door by which they had entered, and might have passed it safely had not the intrepid girl drawn back.

"I can't go away without Lenore. If she is here, I implore you to take me to her."

"Lenore," repeated the woman, vacantly.

"Yes. She is my dear friend, my sister. I can't leave her here in danger."

"Oh, you mean the lady as was brought here

"Oh, you mean the lady as was brought here last night!"
"Yes. Where is she? Do let me see her."
"Impossible!" said the woman, sullenly.
"Come! I can't save you both; but I like your face, and I'll save you if you'll let me. But you must come now. Do come!"
Gwendelen drew back still more defermined.

must come now. Do come!"
Gwendolen drew back still more determinedly and made answer:

"I'm not afraid. And I'll never stir a step from this house without Lenore! If she is in danger, I shall remain to share it!"

"Fool! You don't know the risk you run!"

cried the woman, angrily.

Just then an inner door burst open, and three
men tumbled unceremoniously into the apartment. Hardened villains Gwendolen knew in

ment. Hardened villains Gwendolen knew in an instant after having swept their faces with a searching glance.

"Who have you here, Nance?" said the foremost man, in a tone of surprise.

"It's a spy!" shouted the next.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the third. "I do believe it is a woman in disguise."

A pause of consternation. Suddenly the three men sprung forward, as if moved by a common impulse.

mpulse.
"This will never do, boys," cried one. "We must take her in charge. There's no help for it. must take her in charge. There's no help for it. She'll betray us."

Gwendolen eluded them, darted across the room, and caught up a pistol that was lying on the chimney-piece. She did not know whether it was loaded or not, but she presented it.

"Back!" she cried, her eyes glowing and flashing like coals of fire. "I'll put a bullet through the heart of the first man who dares to touch me."

An instant's dead silence. "Don't mind her, then said one. "Who's afraid?" cried another. "She'll do it, I can see it in her eye!" added the

Before any decisive movement could be made nowever, a firm, heavy tread was heard advancing along some one of the side-passages in which the house seemed to abound. captain!" cried the three men in a

The door opened once again, this time admiting a tall, military-looking gentlemon, enveloped in the folds of a cloak evidently worn as a

Gwendolen stared, rubbed her eyes and pinch-d herself to be sure she was awake, for there, ight across the room, stood her guardian, Ma-

right across the room, stood her guardian, Major Pascal himself!
"What's the meaning of this disturbance?" the major peremptorily demanded.
Scarcely had the words been uttered, however, when his searching glance fell upon the trim, slender figure of Gwendolen in her boy's dress. Of course he recognized her at once, having seen her upon one other occasion in this same masquerading costume. He leaned against the wall, pale as death, and breaking out in a cold perspiration. old perspiration.
"Gwen!" he gasped "What in the foul

fiend's name-

fiend's name—"

He could get no further. The words died in a guttural sound, and his face changed from pale to red and red to pale again. He had never been at such a loss in his whole life.

Gwendolen was first to recover herself. Though secretly trembling, she managed to put on a show of audacity and self-possession.

"This is a great surprise," she said, advancing, and sweeping a mocking courtesy. "But you arrived just in time to defend me from the assaults of these ruffians. I throw myself upon your protection."

If a trap-door had been conveniently at hand, Major Pascal would certainly have dropped through it. Even as it was, his gaze swept the through it. Even as it was, his gaze swept the floor, and then went furtively over his shoulder. searching for some avenue of escape from the room. But Gwen had planted herself directly between him and the door by which he en-

tered.

"Confusion seize the girl!" he muttered, and a few very forcible expletives fell from his lips. The men were staring with all their eyes. "Cap'n," said one, "who is this dare-devil of a girl! Do you know her?"

"Stop your noise!" roared the major. "Utter another word, and I swear I'll throttle you!"

you!"
"That's right," said Gwendolen, clapping her hands. "You've risen ten per cent. in my estimation, guardy. Pitch into the wretch, and if you can't whip him alone, I'll turn in and

help."
"Silence!" screamed the major, glaring at her fiercely.

"Why are we all to hold our tongues?" asked Gwen, saucily. "It seems like turning a tragedy into a Quaker meeting." And she flourished the pistol she held by way of empha-

Major Pascal knit his brows, which were still bathed with profuse perspiration, and after a brief silence signed for the three ruffians to leave the room. They turned reluctantly, with sul-

en, downcast faces.
"There must be no peaching," muttered one

Gwendolen and the woman Nance, he turned

fercely upon his niece, demanding:

"Now, you vixen, tell me this instant what
has brought you to a place like this?"

"I thought you knew. I came in quest of

The major fairly gnashed his teeth. The major fairly gnashed his teeth.

"Was there ever such an idiot—such a nonsensical simpleton—such a reckless little imp!
Did I not give you to understand that Miss Dunreath could not possibly be here?"

"You did," Gwen coolly answered. "And in
the same breath you told me that no such band
of desperadoes as the river thieves was in existance."

"I have discovered beyond a doubt that you Major Pascal did not speak for a few moments, and then he fixed upon the woman Nance a look that made her quail.

"What does the imp mean?"

"What does the imp mean?"

"Oh, don't be angry with me, sir," cried Nance, in a frightened tone. "I didn't mean no harm, sir. My brother, Artless, who is at service with the St. Clairs, brought the poor lady here last night. I was only to keep her quiet a few days, sir. She's in one of the upper rooms, innocent as a lamb of what goes on in the rest of the house."

"Then Miss Dunreath is here?"

"Artless mentioned no names. He only

airy corridor above. Pausing before one of the doors on the landing, she inserted a key in the

doors on the landing, she inserted a key in the lock.

"The lady hasn't been out of this room since they brought her here," she said. "All day long she's been lyin' sort of stupid like, just as you'll find her now."

Sure enough, when they entered the chamber, which was a really comfortable one compared with the other portions of the house, they found Lenore lying pale and still on the couch—her eyes wide open, and gazing straight forward in a fixed, vacant stare.

Gwendolen ran up to her with a cry of blended grief, rapture and tenderness.

"Oh, my poor friend! how you must have suffered!" she said.

A flash of joy lighted up Lenore's pale, languid face. But it was gone in an instant.

"Dear, dear Gwendolen!" she murmured. Starting up, she flung her arms round Gwen's neck, giving way to a sudden burst of hysterical sobs and cries.

"Forgive me," she said; "my heart is broken."

"Take courage." whispered Gwen, as her

"Take courage," whispered Gwen, as her tears fell fast. "By-and-by you shall tell me all about your trouble. I am come to take you home with me."

"I want to go," sobbed the pale little creature.

ture.
"Has anybody dared ill-treat you while her eyes beginning to

here?" asked Gwendolen, her eyes beginning to flash through the tears that obscured them.
"Oh, no, no!" "Oh, no, no!"
"That is well. It is very well—for them!"
"I don't even know where I am, or how I came here," said Lenore, in low, tremulous tones. "It has all seemed like a dream since—since—Oh, God, I can't bear to think of it!"
Clasping her pale little hands, she uttered such a cry of living anguish as caused Gwendo-len to wince with sympathy.

such a cry of living anguish as caused Gwendolen to wince with sympathy.

"Don't, don't even try to think!" she implored. "I want you to be strong and brave. Otherwise, I cannot take you away with me."

"Oh, don't desert me," cried Lenore, clinging to her friend as a last earthly refuge. "I shall die if you do! I have been very near to death."

"Desert you, poor lamb! May my right hand wither, and my left hand be palsied, if I am ever even tempted to do such a cruel thing!"

Major Pascal, meanwhile, had stood looking on like a man at a loss. But he now hurried from the room to order a close carriage—luckily there was one belonging to the old imn, and it could not well be denied to him. Lenore must be taken back to his own house in the hollow—Gwen had so willed it, and he might as well try

be taken back to his own house in the hollow—Gwen had so willed it, and he might as well try to resist a whirlwind.

Half an hour later they were en route. Lenore lay on the back seat, clasped closely in Gwendolen's sheltering arms. She had found one true heart, at least, to lean upon.

The woman Nance stood, at the same moment, in the deserted chamber, wondering what Artless would say, and stifling as well as she could her feelings of vexation and anger at being thus unceremoniously deprived of a being thus unceremoniously deprived of

> CHAPTER XVII. No! I can never forget!
> In the land that knows no sorrow
> We shall claim each other yet!
> —Miss Proctor

THE night passed away at last, as all nights must, however full of incident. The round red am smiled tenderly on the blushing world. Gwendolen had not once quitted Lenore's ide since their return, when, at a very late nour, Major Pascal sent for her to come to him the library.

n the library.
She obeyed the summons reluctiantly. Had she yielded to the promptings of her heart she would have shrunk from him in horror after the would have shrunk from him in horror after the appalling discovery of his connection with the river thieves. It seemed strange, incredible that he should be associated with these desperadoes in any manner. What could have beguiled him into taking such a step? It was quite inexplicable to the mind of the girl; mercenary motives seemed so insufficient to explain it.

She found the major pacing the floor and looking singularly harassed for him. He paused beside her as she entered and quietly seated her

beside her as she entered and quietly seated her-

"My dear Gwendolen," he said, making an effort to speak carelessly, "it is quite essential that we come to a better understanding. is why I sent for you."

is why I sent for you."

She looked down, answering nothing.
"Now be frank, my dear, and answer me truly. You were greatly surprised, were you not, to find me at that low public house last

not, to find the at that low public house last night?

"To be sure. I was nearly as much startled as were you at seeing me."

The major bit his lip.

"I had been to dine with an old friend a few miles beyond Blackwoo I. The night seemed cool, and I merely stepped in for a glass of conthing warming—on my return."

wine—something warming—on my return."

"Is that all?" said Gwen, scornfully.

"Of course. I hope you do not imagine that I would frequent such a place from choice?"

Gwendolen looked him straight in the eye, a firm, unflinching stare.
"Why did those brutal men call you 'captain? It is too late to impose upon me, uncle Pascal. Don't attempt it. And I would much rather not discuss this subject with you, now or

A light pallor tinged the villain's face

A light pallor tinged the villain's face.

"Do you purpose to betray me?" he whispered, with a threatening glare.

"And so proclaim my own misfortune in being under the control of such a wretch? I am not so fond of humbling myself."

"Does Miss Dunreath know?"

"How should she? The poor child has not been in a condition to give a single thought to you or your affairs."

Major Pascal breathed a sigh of relief.

"That is well. I think, I do think, Gwen, that you can be trusted to keep my secret."

"Yes, infamous as it is I shall keep it unless you, by your own actions, compel its disclosure."

you, by your own actions, compel its disclosure."
There was a silence. The major stood looking perplexedly up and down, and all around him, as if deliberating how to word his next sentence. "One word more," at length he stammered.
"I hope and trust that you exonerate my son Valentine, in your own mind, from having any share or interest in the—the—misdeeds for which I might be held accountable?"

Gwendolen haughtily threw back her head.
"Least and the part thought of him in that

"I certainly had not thought of him in that

connection."

"He is innocent—innocent as you are, Gwen, and must not be told to what depths of infamy his father has fallen."

He might be, or he might not. Gwendolen could never be certain which was truth, which falsehood, that fell from those perjured lips.

"Have you anything further to say?" she asked rising at length.

asked, rising at length.

"Only to beg of you to keep faith with an unfortunate old man who finds himself sorely beset," the wretch returned, in tones of hypocrit-

with another scornfully-uttered assurance, Gwendolen departed, hurrying back to the chamber where she had left Lenore. She found the poor soul sitting by the open window, her face buried in her hands, weeping as if her heart would break

With a wild, impassioned cry, Lenore threw

"When you have heard my story, you will no longer wonder that I am tired of life," Lenore answered, the full passion of her sorrow bursting forth again.

She grew more composed after awhile, and in a few broken words related her sad history. She told everything—her early orphanage and peculiar training under Miss Dorothy's tutelage; her girlish dreams and longings; Ross St. Clair's sudden appearance on the scene; her mad, idolatrous love; the secret marriage in Father Freeman's hut; and last of all the strange news that had taken her to Greenmont and the manner of her reception there.

Gwen listened without a word of comment. She did not even speak of the manner in which Lenore had been conveyed from Greenmont to the dreadful place where she had found her, though she felt there was something wrong and mysterious in the whole affair—something that needed explanation. But her poor friend, who had lain in a merciful stupor during all this period, was not the one to give it.

"Now can you blame me for beseeching God to strike me dead?" wailed the stricken soul, when she had concluded her brief recital.

"I wish you had told me sooner—I do wish you had!" aspirated Gwendolen, her eyes ablaze with a sudden light.

"What would you have done?"

"Put on my boy's suit, gone straight to Greenmont, and commanded your recreant husband to acknowledge your claims!"

"And had he refused?"

"I should have called him out, and put a bullet through his cowardly heart!" cried Gwen, striding up and down the floor in great agitation.

Lenore wrung her hands and moaned as she followed these movements with her area.

Lenore wrung her hands and moaned as she Lenore wrung her hands and moaned as she followed these movements with her eyes.

"I do not wish him evil," she faltered. "I love him in spite of everything."

"Love him?" echoed Gwen, in sharp and bitter accents. "Had Bob treated me so cruelly, I could stand by and see him hung?"

"Oh, don't talk so!" implored the gentle creature.

"Oh, don't talk so!" implored the gentle creature.

"Well, I won't, if it is going to add to your pain. But let us look this wretched business squarely in the face. You were lawfully married to that scoundrel? There is no room even to question the legality of the marriage?"

"None. I had known Father Freeman all my life, nearly, and the good old man would never have deceived me willingly."

"Certainly not. Do you realize, then, what Ross St. Clair has done if the contemplated marriage actually came off at the appointed time?"

Lenore's lips were whitening, She opened them to speak, gasped once or twice, then closed

them to speak, gasped once or twice, then closed them again.

"He has made himself amenable to the law—that's what he has done! You can have him arrested for bigamy!"

"No ro!"

rested for bigamy!"

"No, no!"

"You can, I tell you. And if you have a spark of spirit, you'll do it, too! The infamous scoundrel! He richly deserves to be punished."

Lenore fell back in her chair. That worn, thin face turned no paler; it was already as white as it could possibly be. But she clasped her hands over her throbbing heart.

"Oh God, be merciful to him!"

Gwendolen turned upon her almost angrily.

"I do believe you would sacrifice yourself sooner than that villain!" she jerked out.

"A thousand times sooner—"

The words died from her pallid lips. Gwen saw her waver, all at once, and droop forward. There was just time to spring forward, catch her in her arms, and help her to the couch. Immediately she sunk down upon it in one of the fainting fits to which she was subject.

It was long before the stricken sufferer could be restored to consciousness. For two days longer, Gwendolen never left her bedside except to snatch a few moments' sleep, now and then, that she might not break down utterly. During all this while Lenore lay mute and still and motionless, never uttering a moan or shedding a tear. Hers seemed to be the stupor of a terrible and hopeless despair.

The third day she rallied a little. Gwendolen

tear. Hers seemed to be the stupor of a terrible and hopeless despair.

The third day she rallied a little. Gwendolen was bending over the couch bathing her fevered brow with cologne water, when Lenore sudden-

brow with cologne water, when Lenore suddenly clasped her arms round the faithful girl's neck.

"You are so good—so good and kind!" she whispered. "May Heaven reward you!"

Then, after a moment's silence, she hid her face on Gwendolen's shoulder and said:

"I have been thinking of her—the—the woman who has supplanted me. I know she did not believe my story. My God! they will drag her down to sin and shame. Oh, dear friend, is there no way to save her?"

Gwendolen shook her head. It was a question that had recurred to her own mind again and again. She realized the vital necessity that Sibyl Ponsonby should be compelled to give credence to the truth, and yet of what avail would it be, after all?

it be, after all?
"It is too late, I fear," she sadly said. "But if you wish, I will go to Greenmont myself, and see what can be done.

see what can be done."

"Do go!" cried Lenore, in accents of feverish eagerness. "I would go myself but for the weakness that keeps me here. The poor lady will listen to you, perhaps. Oh, do not lose a moment. Something may have occurred to delay the marriage. You said it would be a crime, you remember. Pray, go at once."

Leaving Lenore in the care of her maid, Gwendolen set out on this fruitless journey—for fruitless we know it could only be.

The man Artless answered her ring.

"Will you tell Mr. Ross St. Clair that a lady is here, who craves the honor of a moment's speech with him?" she said, stepping into the hall.

Artless stared.

Artless stared.
"Mr. St. Clair is gone, miss."
"Gone?" Gwendolen leaned against the wall, an expression of helplessness on her usually bright face.
"Yes, miss. He went away immediately after the funeral."

Before Gwendolen could utter another word, there came a rustle of silk on the stairs, and Berenice stood just above them, looking over

the banister.

"Who is it, Artless?" she haughtily demanded.
Gwendolen knew at a glance that this scornful lady must be the sister of Ross. She pressed to her side with scant ceremony.

'I wish to know if there has been any mar-

'I wish to know if there has been any marriage here."

The color wavered in Berenice's cheek. She was visibly discomposed.

"Of course there has been a marriage. My brother was married to Miss Ponsonby, several days ago. But why do you come here, asking impertinent questions?"

"The good Lord be merciful to them both!" broke impulsively from Gwendolen's lips.

"Why do you say that?"
Instead of replying she dropped her trembling

"Why do you say that?"
Instead of replying she dropped her trembling hand on Berenice's arm, and said:
"Of course the bride and groom went away together. Can you tell me where to address a letter to them?"
"No, I can't," snapped Berenice. "I wouldn't if I could, because it is none of your business. Ross had not made up his own mind where he should go when they left. And I'm sure Sibyl didn't care."

face buried in her hands, weeping as if her heart would break.

"You must confide in me," said Gwen, drawing near her sorrowing friend. "I never urged it before, but I urge it now. For your own good it is high time you had unburdened yourself."

"It is a dreadful story."

"No matter. I am ready to hear it, and what is more to the point, ready to help you to the best of my ability."

With a wild, impassioned cry. Lepone throw

A FREAK OF JEALOUSY. And she was lost and yet I breathed, But not the breath of common life. A serpent 'round my heart was wreathed That stung its every thought to strife.

Ross and Sibyl were at the sea-side. It was a quiet hotel on Long Island Sound, to which

How long are we to remain at this lonesome

place?"
"Until you are tired of it, my dear—no longer. I consulted your happiness alone in mak-ng a selection," he answered, without looking

Sibyl lifted her shoulders petulantly.
"In that case I shall order our trunks packed immediately. I am wearied to death of staying here."

here."
Ross turned round rather listlessly. He had changed, ever since their marriage. He seemed graver, and more silent, like one weighed down by remorse or some crushing secret. Sibyl obgraver, and more stient, like one weighed down by remorse or some crushing secret. Sibyl ob-served how pale and worn he looked and her heart gave a rebellious bound. Was it regret for another that caused his evident unhappiness?

Rising impulsively she crossed the room and stood beside him. A startled look appeared in the face of Ross. Hastily catching up a paper that lay on the open desk, he thrust it into one of the receptacles, and turned the key in the lock. His whole manner betrayed that he had something to conceal from her

lock. His whole manner betrayed that he had something to conceal from her.

"Why did you do that?" she demanded.

"Oh, I am done working for to-day," he answered, forcing a laugh.

"I have been looking over my letters—seeing which must be answered, and which can be put off a little longer. You know I have not touched a pen since our marriage; and of course my correspondence is suffering."

byl knew that this was only an excuse. y few of his letters had been forwarded, and e during the last two or three days only.

She stood silent, biting her lips.
"You wish a change, do you?" Ross resumed, after a pause, going back to the subject at first under discussion.

'And have made up your mind where you Tes," she answered again, without looking at his

Where?"
Back to Greenmont."

Ross uttered an ejaculation of surprise. "You are not in earnest, Sibyl! I thought you would rather go anywhere else than to Greenmont."
"It was a mistake."
"You suffered so much there, dearest—"
"It is like home to me," the interpreted

"It is like home to me," she interrupted, smothering a sob. "I love it all the more because papa died and was buried there. I feel as if something were drawing me back, all the Then we will return to-morrow. I have no

"Then we will return to-morrow. I have no other wish than to make you happy."

A faint sigh broke from his lips, however. He would much rather not have returned, just then, had he yielded to his own inclinations. He would have preferred to shake off all the old scenes and associations for a season, and seek forgetfulness in fresher fields.

Shortly afterward he left the room to give his orders for the morrow. The instant the door closed, Sibyl fixed her eyes on the desk again. There was fever in their depths—they seemed drawn to that one particular spot as though a marnet had been there.

"I wonder what he was hiding from me," she muttered.

After walking restlessly up and down the floor several times, she approached the desk. A small bunch of keys—her own—lay in her hot palm. She was struggling, not very valiantly, with the powerful temptation that had beset her

all at once.
"One of these keys may fit the lock," she thought. "I must know what was in that pa-

Hers was no idle curiosity. The fierce jeal-ou y that was her natural disposition had risen in arms. She could no more resist it than a tor-nado. The mere suspicion that the paper might have reference to the woman who had been her husband's first love drove her to the verge of husband's first love, drove her to the verge of

The keys were tried, one after another, and resently the bolt shot back with a clicking pund. Pale as death, Sibyl clutched the crum-

sound. Pale as death, Sibyl clutched the crumpled paper she had seen Ross thrust into one of the alcoves, and held it up to the light.

A dainty note, smelling of violets, and written in a running Italian hand. She read it from beginning to end, her heart beating furiously. It bore a date several weeks back. A sweet, tender, touching letter it was, such as only a refined and loving woman could have written. And the name at the bottom of the page was "Lenore."

"Lenore."
Not much of a discovery—and some women would have rassed it by. In her insane jeal-ousy, Sibyl could not do this. Though the letter was penned before she and Ross had ever met, the fact that her husband had preserved it was positive proof to her mind that the old tentilusions had never hear entirely given up.

was positive proof to her mind that the old tender illusions had never been entirely given up.
"God help me!" she ejaculated.
Just at this instant a hand tightly grasped her arm. It was Ross. He had returned, entering the room unheard in her absorption.
Now he stood beside her, his face pale with surprise crief and disapprove! prise, grief and disapproval.
"Oh, Sibyl! I am shocked. Have you so far forgotten honor and propriety as to break into my private desk?"

The rebuke passed her harmlessly by—she did not even hear it. After the first startled cry escaped her lips, she confronted him almost defiantly. How dared you marry me when your whole

heart was given to another?"

R ss glanced from her working face to the open letter in her hand, and understood the situation at once. But the extent of her knowledge was still to be revealed to him.

"Pray be calm, Sibyl," he entreated.

"Calm? How can I be calm, feeling, as I do, that you never loved me?"

"Hush! If you will only be patient, I can explain that letter in a very few words. Until I came upon it accidentally to-day, I fully believed it had been destroyed."

"No doubt," she ejaculated, bitterly.

"You can see for yourself that it was written

before you and I had ever met."

A faint moan of pain broke from her lips.

"I have heard of this Lenore before! I know that you loved her once—that she loves

You know this?" he ejaculated, in a tone of

Very briefly she related what had passed that eventiful evening, and how, at the close of the interview, Lenore had been borne away, by Berenice's directions, in a deep swoon.

"Only give me the assurance that you love her no longer, that your affections have been wholly transferred to me, and I will be content," she murmured, the tears falling fast down her heantiful face.

her beautiful face.
"I have made you my wife, Sibyl—that "Us small suffice."

"Is your life bound up in me as mine is in you?" He put his arm round her—drew her close to his throbbing heart. "It is thus that I answer you," he said, kissing lips and brow with all a

Over's rapture.

She lay in his arms, passive and happy. The storm of doubt and jealous frenzy had passed

for a season.

"I ought to have been perfectly frank with you before our marriage," whispered Ross. "I see my mistake now that it is too late. I did feel that you had a right to know all; but alas, I atwarded out of the control of I struggled against the conviction. Can you forgive me?"
"Freely," she answered, in the joy of her

"Freely," she answered, in the joy of her heart.

Ross felt less at ease. Some things had been said and done that puzzled him. He could not understand how Lenore had been made to disappear so suddenly. He wondered, too, why she had come to Greenmont at all.

"She must know that I have discovered her perfidy," he thought. "It was a cruel, wicked deception. She led me on to give her my hand, though her wifely vows were plighted to another. The wealth and position I could offer were greater temptations than she could withstand. She went through the mockery of a marriage—running a terrible risk to accomplish her end. Now, I fear she will brave it out, persist in her claims, and compel me to prove the fact of the first marriage in order to clear myself. That would be too horrible," and again the cold perspiration started on his forehead. "Horrible for her, because she would become answerable for a crime—horrible for us all. And my father would never forgive the exposure and scandal that must ensue."

And my father would never for give the exposure and scandal that must ensue."

Poor fellow! How much greater would have been his distress had he known that Berenice had cruelly deceived him, and his second marriage, not the first, was null and void! How soon would he have put off those loving arms that now clung to him so tenderly.

The dinner-hour, at that unfashionable resort, was an early one. Ross and Sibyl were just emerging from the dining-room at the conclusion of the meal, when the bustle of an arrival greeted their ears. Two ladies came slowly down the hall, the one leaning heavily upon the arm of the other.

Ross looked, then looked again, his pulses throbbing as if they would burst their bounds. In his surprise and consternation a name fell from his pale and quivering lips:

from his pale and quivering lips: "Lenore!"

The forsaken wife—for it was she—lifted her eyes to his face in a wild, incredulous stare. She, too, lost her presence of mind, for tottering up to him she held out her clasped hands, ejaculating, in a dying voice:

"Ross! Oh, my husband!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 460.)

QUAKER THOUGHTS. BY ANNIE WILTON.

Why fall so shyly, pretty snows— So timidly to earth? Thou art the harbinger, thee knows, Of gladness, joy and mirth.

Thee covers up all hideous sights; Thee toys with beauteous things, Intensifying sweet delights And pluming hope's bright wings.

Thou art more pure than any thought Touched by the Spirit's power; Thou art so welcome, because fraught With life's enchanted hour.

No wonder that sweet childhood greets This semblance of itself, For purity; and fills the streets With many a shouting elf!

Thou art the keynote of the song Cold Winter sings to-day, Thou canst alone the strains prolong To chase our cares away.

Thee, a sweet lesson fain would teach, Pure little snowflake white; 'Tis this: that blessings oft can reach Man, through the timest mite.

The Lamb and the Wolf;

The Heiress of Llangorren Court. BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,

F "SPECTER BARQUE,"
TO DEATH," ETC., ETC. CHAPTER LVIII.

OF all the domestics turned adrift from Llan-corren one alone interests us—Joseph Preece— Old Joe," as his young mistress used familiar-

"Old Joe," as his young mistress used familiarly to call him.

As Jack Wingate has made his mother aware, Joe has moved into the house formerly inhabited by Coracle Dick; so far changing places with the poacher, who now occupies the lodge in which the old man erewhile lived as one of the retainers of the Wynn family.

Beyond this the exchange has not extended. Richard Dempsey, under the new regime at Liangorren, has been promoted to higher office than was ever held by Joseph Preece; who, on the other hand, has neither turned poacher, nor intends doing so. Instead, the versatile Joseph, as if to keep up his character for versatility, has taken to a new calling altogether—that of basketmaking, with the construction of bird-cages and other kinds of wicker-work. Rather is it the resumption of an old business to which he had been brought up, but abandoned long years "You know this?" he ejaculated, in a tone of incredulity. The control of incredulity. The control of incredulity incredulity. The control of incredulity of the case of squire with the control of the control of incredulity. The control of incredulity of the case of squire with the control of the control of incredulity. The control of incredulity of the case of squire with the control of incredulity. The control of incredulity of the case of squire with the control of the control of incredulity. The control of incredulity of the case of squire with the contr

fashion's votaries seldom penetrated. They chose it for this very reas n. It was impossible to go into society so soon aft w. Mr. Ponsonby's death, and neither of them w.shed it. Therefore a place had been sought w. are they were sure of seclusion and abundat t ine to rally from the grief into which Shyl hal been plunged by her bereavement.

They had been there but two weeks, and, singularly enough, Sibyl was the first to sigh for home. She did not find her married life wholly satisfactory. Other things troubled her besides her sorrow for the dead. She could not banish from her mind the singular scene that had transpired just before the marriage vows were pronounced; and whenever it rose up, she was made miserable. Of late she had got the idea in her head thatshe should be happier at Greenmont.

Therefore a slience, "Tell me all that occurred." Ross said at length. "I had hoped to keep that miserable infatuation a secret for mont. Therefore she wished to return.

She was sitting in her room at the hotel, one day, ruminating of things that it would have been better not to have recalled. Her cheeks were an unusual flush, her movements were restless. Ross stood at his desk quite at the other of the apartment, turning over some papers. She addressed him abruptly:

"How long are we to remain at this lonesome place?"

How long are we to remain at this lonesome place?"

For himself No. he has a hedgroon besides the complex of the partment, turning over some papers. She addressed him abruptly:

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For himself No. he has a heady not here it would be here of the apartment, turning over some papers. She addressed him abruptly:

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"How long are we to remain at this lonesome place."

For himself No. he has a heady not here the complex of the partment and not only and the time of the partment. The partme

Among other improvements he has partitioned off a second sleeping apartment, and not only plastered but papered it. More still, neatly and tastefully furnished it; the furniture consisting of an iron bedstead, painted emerald green, with brass knobs; a new washstand, and dressing-table with mahogany framed glass on top, three cane chairs, a towel horse, and other eterors.

eteras.
For himself? No; he has a bedroom besides. And this, by the style of the plenishing, is evidently intended for one of the fair sex. Indeed, one has already taken possession of it, as evinced one has already taken possession of it, as evinced by some female apparel, suspended upon pegs against the wall; a pincushion, with a brooch in it, on the dressing-table; bracelets and a necklace besides, with two or three scent-bottles, and several other toilet trifles scattered about in front of the framed glass. They cannot be the belongings of "Old Jee's" wife, nor yet his daughter; for among the many parts he has played in life, that of Benedict has not been. A bachelor he is, and a bachelor he intends stay.

played in life, that of Benedict has not been. A bachelor he is, and a bachelor he intends staying to the end of the chapter.

Who, then, is the owner of the brooch, bracelets, and other bijouterie? In a word his niece— a slip of a girl who was under-housemaid at Llangorren; like himself, set at large, and now transformed into a full-fledged housekeeper—his own. But before entering on parlor duties at the Court she had seen service in the kitchen, under the cook; and some culinary skill, then and there acquired, now stands her old uncle in stead. By her deft manipulation stewed rabbit becomes as jugged hare, so that it would be difficult to tell the difference; while she has at her fingers' ends many other feats of the cuisine that give him gratification. The old servitor of Squire Wynn is in his way a gourmet, and has

that give him gratification. The old servitor of Squire Wynn is in his way a gourmet, and has a tooth for toothsome things.

His accomplished niece, with somewhat of his own cleverness, bears the pretty name of Amy —Amy Preece, for she is his brother's child. And she is pretty as her name, a bright, blooming girl, rose-cheeked, with form well-rounded, and flesh firm as a Ribston pippin. Her cheerful countenance lights up the kitchen late shadowed by the presence and dark, scowling features of Coracle Dick—brightens it even more than the bran-new tin-ware or the whitewash upon its walls.

Old Joe rejoices: and if he have a regret it is that he had not long ago taken up housekeeping for himself. But this thought suggests another contradicting it. How could he while his young mistress lived? She so much beloved by him, whose many beneficences have made him, as he is, independent for the rest of his days, never more to be harassed by care or distressed by toil one.

signify, rose-cheeked, with form well-rounded, and the proposed of the contents as a Ribston pippin. Her cheer and locations as a Ribston pippin. Her cheer and contents are all dark, and the proposed of the presence and dark, and the proposed than the bran-new tin-ware or the whitewash upon its walls.

Old Joe rejoices: and if he have a regret it is that he had not long ago taken up housekeeping for himself. But this thought suggests another is the bear of the rest of his days, never its to be harassed by eare or distressed by to lio, one of her latest largesses, the very last, being to be stow upon him the pretty pleasure-craft bears in give rown name. This site had actually done of her latest largesses, the very last, being to be botsow upon him the pretty pleasure-craft bears in give rown name. This site had actually done of her latest largesses, the very last, being to be brassed by care or distressed by the strength of the proposed of the morning of that day, the twenty-first and the proposed of the morning of that day, the twenty-first and the proposed of the morning of that day, the twenty-first and to be a proposed of the morning of that day, the twenty-first and the proposed of the morning of that day, the twenty-first and the proposed of the morning of that day, the twenty-first and the proposed of the morning of that day, the twenty-first and the proposed of the morning of that day, the twenty-first and the manner of the presence of the grant of the proposed of the morning of that day, the twenty-first and the manner of the proposed of the morning of that day, the twenty-first and the manner of the proposed of the proposed

But, however faithful the old family retainer, and affectionate in his memories, he does not let their sadness overpower him, nor always give way to the same. Only at times when give way to the same. Only at times when something turns up more vividly than usual recalling Gwendoline Wynn to remembrance. On other and ordinary occasions he is cheerful calling Gwendome (Control of the model) on other and ordinary occasions he is cheerful enough, this being his natural habit. And never more than on a certain night shortly after that of his chance encounter with Jack Wingate, when both were a-shopping at Rugg's Ferry. For there and then, in addition to the multiple for the end of Squire on a poachin' case. Lor! what a change! He now head-keeper o' the estate." when both were a-shopping at Rugg's Ferry.
For there and then, in addition to the multifarious news imparted to the young waterman,
he gave the latter an invitation to visit him in
his new home; which was gladly and off-hand

"A bit o' supper and a drop o' somethin' to send it down," were the old boatman's words specifying the entertainment.

The night has come round, and the "bit o'

The night has come round, and the "bit o' supper" is being prepared by Amy, who is acting as though she was never more called upon to practice the culinary art; and, according to her own way of thinking, she never has been. For, to let out a little secret, the French lady's maid was not the only feminine at Llangorren Court who had cast admiring eyes on the handsome boatman who came there rowing Captain Ryecroft. Raising the curtain still higher, Amy Preece's position is exposed; she, too, having been caught in that same net, spread for neither. to practice the culmary art; and, according to her own way of thinking, she never has been. For, to let out a little secret, the French lady's-maid was not the only feminine at Llangorren Court who had cast admiring eyes on the handsome boatman who came there rowing Captain Ryecroft. Raising the curtain still higher, Amy Preece's position is exposed; she, too, having been caught in that same net, spread for neither.

Not strange then, but altogether natural. She is now exerting herself to cook a supper that will give gratification to the expected guest. She would work her fingers off for Jack Wingate.

"That an't no news to me. I ha' long suspected him o' doin's worse than that."

"Among them did ye include forgin'?"

"No; because I never thought o' it. But I believe him to be capable o' it, or anything else. What makes ye think he 'a' been a forger?"

"Well, I won't say forger, for he mayn't 'a' made the things. But for sure he ha' been engaged in passin' them off."

"Them" "no; because I never thought o' it. But I believe him to be capable o' it, or anything else. What makes ye think he 'a' been a forger?"

"Well, I won't say forger, for he mayn't 'a' made the things. But for sure he ha' been engaged in passin' them off."

"Them" "rejoins Joe, drawing a little canvas bag out of his pocket, and spilling its contents upon the table—over a score of coins to all appearance half-crown pieces.

"Counterfeits—every one o' 'em',' he adds as "Counterfeits"

Possibly the uncle may have some suspicion of why she is moving about so alertly, and besides looking so pleased like. If not a suspicion, he has a wish and a hope. Nothing in life, now, would be so much to his mind as to see his niece married to the man he has invited to visit him. For never in all his life has old Joe met one he For never in all his life has old Joe met one he so greatly "cottons" to. His intercourse with the young waterman, though scarce six months old, seems as if it had been of twice as many years: so friendly and pleasant, he not only wants it continued, but wishes it to become nearer and dearer. If his niece be baiting a trap in the cooking of the supper, he has himself set that trap by the "invite" he gave to the expected guest.

other, too, has spent all his days on Vaga's banks; but there have been more of them, and he no longer resident in that particular neighborhood. It is too early to enter upon subjects the same hole in the rocks, wi' a stone in front exact fittin' to an' fillin' its mouth." borhood. It is too early to enter upon subjects of a more serious nature, though a word now and then slips in about the late occurrence at Llangorren, still wrapped in mystery. If they bring shadows over the brow of the old boatman, these pass cff, as he surveys the table which his niece has tastefully decorated with fruits and late autumn flowers. It reminds him of many a pleasant Christmas night in the grand servants' hall at the Court, under holly and mistletoe, besides bowls of steaming punch and mistletoe, besides bowls of steaming punch and

dishes of blazing snapdragon.

His guest knows something of that same hall; but cares not to recall its memories. Better likes he the bright room he is now scated in. Within the radiant circle of its fire, and the other pleasant surroundings. the radiant circle of its fire, and the other pleasant surroundings, he is for the time cheerful—almost himself again. His mether told him it was not good to be forever grieving—not righteous, but sinful. And now, as he watches the graceful creature moving about, actively engaged—and all on his account—he begins to think there may be truth in what she said. At all events his grief is more bearable than it has been for long days past. Not that he is untrue to the memory of Mary Morgan. Far from it. His feelings are but natural, inevitable. With that fair presence flitting before his eyes, he would not be a man if it failed in some way to impress him.

impress him.

But his feelings for Amy Preece do not go beyond the bounds of re pectful admiration. Still is it an admiration that may become warmer, yond the bounds of re-pectful admiration. Still is it an admiration that may become warmer, gathering strength as time goes on. It even does somewhat on this same night; for in truth the girl's beauty is a thing which cannot be glanced at without a wish to gaze upon it again. And she possesses something more than beauty—a gift not quite so rare but perhaps as much prized by Jack Wingate—modesty. He has noted her shy, almost timid mien, ere now; for it is not the first time he has been in her company—contrasted it with the bold advances made to him by her former fellow-servant at the Court—Clarisse. And now, again, he observes the same bearing, as she moves about through that cheery place, in the light of glow-ing coals—best from the Forest of Dean.

And he thinks of it while seated at the suppertable; she at its head, vis-a-vis to her uncle, and indistributing the viands. These are no damper to his admiration of her, since the dishes she has prepared are of the daintiest. He has not been accustomed to eat such a meal, for his mother could not cook it; while, as already said, Amy is something of an artiste de cuisine. An excellent wife she would make, all things considered; and possibly, at a later period, Jack Wingate might catch himself so reflecting. But not now; not to-night. Such a thought is not in his mind; could not be, with that sadder thought still overshadowing.

The conversation at the table is mostly be-

After this exchange the ex-Charon, no longer constrained by the presence of a third party, launches out into a dialogue altogether different from that hitherto held between them—the subject being the late tenant of the house in which

"Queer sort o' chap, that Coracle Dick! ain't

"Ye say ye know him better than ye did? Ha' ye l'arned anythin' 'bout him o' late?" "That ha'e I; an' a goodish deal too. More'n

one thing as seems kewrous."

"If ye don't object tellin' me, I'd like to hear what they be."

"Well, one are, that Dick Dempsey ha' been in the practice of somethin' besides poachin'."

"That an't no news to me. I ha' long suspected him o' doin's worse than that."

pearance half-crown pieces.

"Counterfeits—every one o' 'em!" he adds, as the other sits staring at them in surprise.

"Where did you find them!" asks Jack.

"In the corner o' an old cubbord. Furbishin' up the place, I comed across them—besides a goodish grist o' other kewrosities. What would ye think o' my predecessor here bein' a burglar as well as smasher?"

"I wouldn't think that noways strange, neyther. As I've sayed already, I b'lieve Dick Dempsey to be a man who'd not mind takin' a hand at any mortal thing, howsomever bad. Burglary, or even worse, if it wor made worth his while. But what led ye to think he ha' been also in the housebreakin' line?"

"These!" answers the old boatman, producing

that trap by the "invite" he gave to pected guest.

A gentle tapping at the door tells him the trigger is touched; and, responding to the signal, he calls out:

"That you, Jack Wingate? O' course it be. Come in!"

And Jack Wingate enters.

CHAPTER LIX.

another and mage.

contents of which he spills out on the noor, not the table; as he does so, exclaiming, "There be a lot o' oddities! A complete set o' burglar's tools—far as I can understand them."

And so are they, jemmies, cold chisels, skeleton keys—in short, every implement of the cracksman's calling.

"And ye found them in the cubbert, too?"

"No, not there, nor yet inside; but on the

mouth."

While speaking, he draws open a chest, and takes from it a bundle of some white stuff—apparently linen—loosely rolled. Unfolding, and holding it up to the light, he adds:

"Theer be the eydentical article!"

No wonder he thought the thing strange, found where he had found it. For it is a shroud!

White, with a cross and two letters in red stitched upon that part which, were it upon a body, both cross and lettering would lie over the breast!

breast!

"Oh, God!" cries Jack Wingate, as his eyes rest upon the symbol. "That's the shroud Mary Morgan wor buried in! I can swear to 't. I see'd her mother stitch on that cross an' them letters—the inectials o' her name. An' I see'd it on herself in the coffin 'fore' twor closed.

it on herself in the coffin 'fore 'twor closed. Heaven o' mercy! what do it mean?' Amy Preece, lying awake in her bed, hears Jack Wingate's voice excitedly exclaiming, and wonders what that means. But she is not told; nor learns she aught of a conversation which succeeds in more subdued tone; prolonged to a much later hour—even into morning. For before the two men part they mature a plan for ascertaining why that ghostly thing is still above ground instead of in the grave, where the body it covered is coldly sleeping! body it covered is coldly sleeping

(To be continued-commenced in No. 446.)

One Man's Mistake.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

It was Bruce Endicott's wedding-day. Not that one would think it who saw him sitting in the crimson and gold smoking-room leisurely puffing upon a cigar and scanning the morning paper—an image of languid indifference.

But despite the gracefully indolent position, and the careless fashion in which Mr. Endicott's brilliant eyes roved alternately down the columns of his paper or along the sunny summer streets with the ceaseless throng of passers by he was thinking intensely; so intensely that when Otis Thorne addressed him he started up with the look of a man who has come suddenly face to face with some haunting spirit. Then he recovered himself quickly, and exclaimed heartily:

"How are you, Thorne? You quite overwhelmed me by surprise. I am delighted to see you; whence do you come, and whither are you bound?"

"From home—surely you knew we were back from Europe?"

"Yes. I read the notice of your arrival, and have been expecting to hear from you ever since; but not to see you in such unceremon ous fashion. Mrs. Thorne is well, I hope, and—telinor?"—with a shadow of change in his voice. "She has gone to Larchdale I presume?"

"They are both in spleudid health, thank you. We persuaded Elinor not to recpen Larchdale until fall, but to go with us direct to Newport—direct, at least, after a week in town."

"And Elinor is here?" said Bruce, quickly, with a tremor in his tone his quiet face belied and that escaped Otis Thorne's notice.

"Certainly she is here," laughed his companion. "You were out last night when we arrived, and we were too used up with our journey to wait up for you. But the ladies sent me down now to ask you to come and breakfast with us."

"Of course I will," assented Endicott, almost eagerly; and gavly chatting with his friend he eagerly; and gavly chatting with his friend he

"I am so pleased to see you, Bruce," exclaimed Alice, her haughty face softening with frank smiles, but her brown eyes full of wonder yet. "And I suppose I must congratulate you upon this surprising bit of news Elinor has just been communicating."

upon this surprising bit of news Elinor has just been communicating."

"Oh, thanks. And you have just heard?"

"Yes," said Elinor, who had dropped her letters all about the carpet and come swiftly forward with both hands extended in impetuous greeting. "I did not go to Larchdale as I intended, and letters sent me there have just reached me. Will you accept my congratulations? I wish you immense happiness," looking straight into his face with great charming gray eyes, cool and brilliant as his own. Then, with a gay laugh, "Why, Otis, how bewildered you look! Has not Bruce told you that he is to be married—on the— Why, it's to-night, is it not?"

"Yes, to-night," miling as indifferently as if getting married was the most matter-of-fact, commonplace, everyday experience in the world, but surprised to find that in his heart he was caring that Elinor Egerton evidently cared so little

was caring that Emor Egeron evaluations of little.

"Why, this is a surprise!" exclaimed Mr. Thorne, without the least attempt at polite disguisings of the truth, and glancing quizzically from one to another of the group. He was not sure that he had ever thought of Bruce Endicott marrying his sister-in-law; but he was just as positive that it had never occurred to him that that gentleman might possibly marry some one else.

ome one else.

But whatever Mrs. Thorne might be ponder-But whatever Mrs. Thorne might be pondering, privately, concerning her sister's and her friend's affairs she knew that they would manage them, as they had always done, quite regardless of other people's thoughts or interference; and that, as hostess, her only duty was to spare these two any awkwardness and to keep her thoughtless husband from propounding unpleasant questions; which facts she managed to convey to that gentleman's understanding with one glance of her fine eyes, as the party gathered about the elegant breakfast-table. And so it proved one of the o.d-time social meals; and before the party arose it was agreed that they should spend the last day of Bruce's freedom together.

gether.

"I propose that we drive to the Park, and then on up the river, to an afternoon dinner," suggested Mr. Endicott. "How soon can you ladies be ready to start?"

"In a half-hour. We will meet you here."
But something in Mrs. Egerton's voice brought Bruce to the trysting-place ten minutes before the time, with a surety of finding her awaiting him. She came forward, as earlier that day, in her graceful, free way, and laying her outher graceful, free way, and laying her out-stretched, supple white hands in his, cried, im-

cause I have thought it time to marry and settle down in life?"

cause I have thought it time to marry and settle down in life?"

""As we have been friends'," repeated Elinor, throwing back her head imperiously. "Nonsense, Bruce! Do not think you can deceive either yourself or me with your exalted theories. And you might have spared yourself the trouble of explaining them at such length, and trying to soften their effect. Do you suppose I could know you so well, Bruce Endicott, and not foresee that this blow must fall sometime?"

"Then you care a little?" asked Bruce, quietly. "Care? Of course I do. You know that I must. But that is no matter—none at all. I shall live and be quite contented, even when you have passed out of my life. It is you that will suffer most and the girl you are going to marry."

And, somehow, away down in his heart, despite his theories and his self-sufficiency, Bruce Endicott felt that Mrs. Egerton's words were true. Large a part of her life as he had shared, she could still be quite contented when he had parted from it—this brilliant, attractive woman whose independent life and defiance of conventionalities had charmed him dangerously but through many years had been the barrier which had stood between him and matrimony. But he, even with the wife of his choice, would he be as happy as he had been through all his intimate comradeship with this splendid, daring Elinor Egerton? And was it true that the girl he was about to marry would suffer through him? Impossible. His wife could but be satisfied with her lot.

"By the way, who is this girl? What is her name, and what is she like?" demanded Elinor, after a moment's pause.

"Her name is Lily Dinsmore. She is my

name, and what is she like?" demanded Elinor, after a moment's pause.

"Her name is Lily Dinsmore. She is my uncle's ward, and not yet out of mourning for her pa.ents. Without being handsome, she has a pretty figure, a sweet face, and excellent manners. But you will see for yourself, when we come to Newport."

"So you are coming to Newport, too? But I do not need to see her to know her. Your description is all-sufficient—a gentle, good little thing—your ideal woman; and, mark my words, Bruce, you will either break her heart or your

Bruce, you will either break her heart or your

own!"
"My dear Elinor, I hope I shall do neither.
She is my chosen wife, and she—"
"Adores you! the worse for her!" said Elinor, quietly, as her sister joined them.
And that was the last that passed between those two concerning Bruce's marriage, for many months.

Lily Endicott was at Newport, and the guest of the Thornes; and yet she saw so very little of Elinor Egerton that she scarcely felt so much as acquainted with her. It almost seemed that Bruce tried to keep his wife and his friend apart. Certainly, he was glad that in accepting the invitation to the home of the gay Southerners his wife, his gentle, complying, sweetly-dignified Lily, had not appeared in society in any intimate association with the woman whom of all others he desired Mys. Endicott to

sweetly-dignified Lily, had not appeared in society in any intimate association with the woman whom of all others he desired Mrs. Endicott to be most unlike.

And Lily, sitting in the balcony that opened out of her room, and looking down at her husband handing Elinor Egerton—in glittering ball-dress—into her carriage, and lingering for a moment by the opened window which framed the dazzling face looking out upon him pondered, and sought to solve this apparent desire of Bruce to keep his friend to himself.

"You out here, Lily?" said her husband, breaking in upon her thoughts when Elinor and their host and hostess had been driven away.

"The night air is not good for an invalid; come in."

Lily took his proffered arm; but when he had placed her upon a sofa, and thrown himself into a chair, and fallen into a reverie, she cried out,

suddenly:

"Bruce, you think so much of Mrs. Egerton, I would like to know her better, too."

"That is just what I do not wish you to do," he answered, serenely. "I want my Lily to be just her own quiet, dignified little self; and I am afraid lest association with Mrs. Egerton should change, ever so slightly, the charms I so value in my wife."

"But. Bruce you seem to admire Mrs. Eger."

"But, Bruce, you seem to admire Mrs. Egerton very much "—a little piteously, coming and kneeling at his side.

"Yes; most men admire her—admire her style; but she is not the sort of woman a man would want in his home, you know. It would be impossible to imagine her bringing a man his smoking-jacket and slippers, pitiently stroking his head when he is tired, and looking after the buttons on his shirt."

buttons on his shirt."

"And is that all that a wife is to a man?"—
speaking with a sudden fear quivering through her voice, and shining in her tender eyes.

"Oh, no!" a little hastily; "but Mrs. Egerton is preëminently a woman of the world; and one almost too recklessly defiant of its codes

and conventionalities. She could never be a domestic woman."
"Most women could be anything for the man

they love."

"Do you think so, little girl?" pleasantly—leading her back to her sofa. "But be assured I had no desire to make the experiment, in this case. I wanted you for my wife, and my need is satisfied."

"And yet you gave your last free day—your wedding-day—to her," said Lily, slowly, as if speaking to herself, and still pondering a

some subject

speaking to herself, and still pondering a troublesome subject.

"Why not, since it in no way collided with your rights? Surely you are not jealous, Lily?" a trifle weariedly and sternly.

"No, Bruce; I shall never be jealous so long as you can tell me that my love satisfies you."

Poor Lily! In all honesty her husband had told her that; in all honesty hespite Elinor Egerton's prediction, he believed that he always could. But he learned the truth—they three who were the victims of this man's egotism—learned the truth all too soon.

"Come down and spend the holidays at Larchdale," Mrs. Egerton wrote, two winters later. "There will be quite a party here."

And Mr. and Mrs. Endicott went. And the moment that Bruce entered the presence of his hostess he knew that a flavor that had been missing from his life for months had returned to it.

He was first down in the drawing-room, and

He was first down in the drawing-room, and Elil or entering, and finding him there, went up to where he leaned against the tiled chimney-place, outlined in the dusk by the flickering wood-fire, and held out her hands to him in the old frank fashion, saying, gravely:

"I am very glad, Bruce, to see you in my home. I hope you like it. Is it not a grand old place?"

place?"
"Elinor! Elinor!" He had caught her white fingers in a powerful grasp and almost sobbed the words, looking down into her

"What is it?" she asked, shuddering, with a sudden, uncontrollable thrill of her own deeply-buried misery welling up at the sadness in his voice, and seeking to withdraw her hands, but

speaking calmly.
"I think I have made a terrible mistake! I

"I think I have made a terrible mistake! I never realized it until I came into you; presence, to-night, and knew how horribly I have hungered and thirsted for it all along!"

"Oh! no! no!" said Elinor, rapidly and bitterly. "Do not tell me that! You would never have been satisfied with other wife than your ideal woman—a model of gentleness, obedience, propriety. I could have loved you; but you did not care for love—to receive or give it."

"But I do now! Oh, Elinor! That is life, after all! If love is not the masterful passion of one's being, everything else is insipid and worthless. But love ought to atone for all things."

They both stood mute, momently, under the spell of Lily Endicott's ashy face. Then Elinor threw herself upon her knees before her; but the girl motioned her away.

"I am jealous of her now, Bruce! I know that you have lied to me all along! Deliberately you have wrecked my life!"

ly you have wrecked my life!"
"No, not meaningly, Lily," coming forward and kneeling with Elinor before his wife. "Oh,

believe me that I thought I was working out my own best happiness and yours when I asked you to marry me."

"And yet you loved her!"

"Do not blame him too severely," said Elinor, quietly. "Bruce Endicott believed, with many another man, that what is admirable in a female friend would not be desirable or lovable in a wife; and that he could compel his heart to be happy with you, and make you happy."

"And he has falled miserably, because his heart to be happy with you, and make you happy."

"And he has falled miserably, because his heart to be happy with you, and make you happy."

"But he did not know it, Lily. He had taught himself to believe that he could not love me, however fond he was of my companionship; and even if he had known it he would not have had confidence enough in me to have made mis wife."

"No more eveness for we Elinor. A chiral salve came to be a confidence enough in me to have made and his eyes rolled around from side to side, as wife."

"No more eveness for we Elinor. Leaves and salve and his eyes rolled around from side to side, as wife."

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"And she has falled miserably, because his heart to be happy with you, and make you happy."

"But he did not know it, Lily. He had displayed itself. He quivered in every joint and his eyes rolled around from side to side, as wife."

"No more eveness for we Elinor. Leaves and his eyes rolled around from side to side, as wife."

"No more eveness for we Elinor. Leaves and salve and his eyes rolled around from side to side, as wife."

"No more eveness for we Elinor. Leaves and salve and the action of the fruits of her gentle ministrations still existed the fruits of her gentle ministrations still existed the fruits of her gentle ministrations still existed in many a lowly home.

There were those who closed their eyes and the fruits of her gentle ministrations

his wife."

"No more excuses for me, Elinor. I do not deserve them. I have been willfully wrong, and proud, and blind. But, Lily, hear me! There is but one thing left us—to go away, together, and be as kind to each other as we can."

And the next morning the Endicotts left Larchdale and soon sailed for other countries, whence Lily never came home—Home? She had none in this world; Bruce had destroyed it for her.

Long after, Bruce Endicott sought Mrs. Eger-

Long after, Bruce Endicott sought Mrs. Egerton, asking, gravely:

"Elinor, is it too late to rectify my mistake?
Can you love me after all that I have made you suffer—all the terrible wrong I did Lily?"

"I love you—I always shall. There has not been a moment of my existence, since you first met me—a spoiled, reckless, heart-whole young widow, that I would not have laid down my life for your sake, Bruce."

And Endicott knows, now, that love can atone for all things.

KINGSLEY'S TOMB.

for all things.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON

Charles Kingsley started on a missionary voyag around the world, but sickened and died in Asia and was buried in Palestine,

By sacred waters thou art sleeping, And far a ross the sea, Rest thy friends in 'Minster's keeping, Remote from thee.

Their tombs are 'neath the churchyard sod, Shaded by oak and pine, While golden Olivet—Mount of God— O'ershadows thine.

The murmur of the sacred sea is heard around thy tomb. And flowers on the waving lea O'er thee bloom.

But then, thy pilgrimage is over, And sweet me nories remain That around thy lone grave hover, By ruined Nain. Above the glistening beach of sand Arise the Moslem minarets, While a Christian church n a distant land Thy fate regrets.

For there in a majesty sublime
Death came to thee,
And thine only funeral chime
Was the whisper of the sea.

The Man of Steel;

The Masked Knight of the White Plume. A TALE OF LOVE AND TERROR.

BY A. P. MORRIS, AUTHOR OF "FRANZ, THE FRENCH DETECTIVE," OR OF FRANZ, THE FRENCH DETECTI "BEAUTIFUL SPHINX," "SILVER SER-PENT," "STAR OF DIAMONDS," "FIRE-FIENDS OF CHI-CAGO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII. A DAY of extraordinary dampness dawned upon reeking Paris, to make more deep the prevailing depression and the muttering voice of

tumult.

Hundreds of hearts in the crowded prisons palpitated in dread, as the eyes opened to the first gray blush of light, breaking like some sullen lantern of uncertainty behind portentous

At an early hour the keepers were astir and usy counting out the captives doomed to death

The rain that threatened the night before had allen in torrents, and now settled down to a old, shivering drizzle, through which the hur-ying figures of men and women moved like

his thoughts as he watched Madame Elise. "She seems no more disturbed by what is coming than if it was to be some holiday jaunt. Her lips move. She prays. Ah! that must be the secret. I have heard it said that those who could pray sincerely do not shrink at the presence of death. Well, I never learned to pray; and I dare not ask her intercession for me, because I have been too great a villain."

reat a villain."

Presently a gun boomed, as if half-smothered a the distance. It was the signal to prepare.

In a few minutes the gun boomed again.

The prisoners were paired off, pushed forward

and marched out.

Before the Conciergerie there was a large and standing procession of soldiery and a line of black-painted carts, each pulled by a single

horse.

The victims were seated n these carts, bareheaded, exposed to the saturating rain and the view of a wedged, swaying, hooting rabble congregated to witness the daily march of those unfortunates sentenced to the block.

Madame Elise and Quatorin were seated side by side in the same cart. As the dread moment approached nearer and nearer, all the cowardice ever dormant in his craven nature asserted and displayed itself. He quivered in every joint and his eyes rolled around from side to side, as if hoping that the numerous assassin band, of which he was a member, would essay his rescue. But, though he saw many familiar faces, none were foolhardy enough to raise hand or voice in his behalf.

The gaze of Madame Elise was turned unward.

were foothardy enough to raise hand or voice in his behalf.

The gaze of Madame Elise was turned upward to the leaden mantle of clouds, the rain streaming unminded down upon her white face, as if she saw there already, the portal of that unknown "beyond" which soon was to be hers. A smile, faint, but of ineffable sweetness, wreathed her whispering lips. Her whole attitude—the thrilling calm and angelic mien—overwhelmed the hardened and cowardly Quatorin. "Madame! whoever you are," he gulped, as if his half-savage breast was bursting with emotin, "in mercy's name, tell me how you can take this thing so quietly! Teach me—a man who has blasphemed for a lifetime—how to do the same, I beseech you."

The eyes of Madame Elise turned upon him; and if Quatorin possessed a soul, their soft, clear glance went deep, deep to its core, filling him with a tremor unlike anything he had everknown before.

"Rerent. then, and you shall be forgiven.

with a tremor unlike anything he had ever known before.

"Repent, then, and you shall be forgiven. Poor man, have courage. We are to die to-day—but we shall wake to-morrow. Look up—up—far up. He is there, the Judge of the guilty, and the Savior of the rightsous. Though red with wrong, your hands may be purified in that great stream of repentance, where all must bathe before entering the temple of Heaven's glory. Repent. Repent and pray, as I do; He will not forget, but sustain you."

"Ah! madame, I cannot pray; I never learned—"

ed—"
"Then kneel, and I will pray for both."
The shaggy, shabby, ugly-faced Quatorin sunk to his knees like a child at her feet, and for a few moments listened, with bowed head, to the low, earnest words that Madame Elise uttered in appeal for him and herself.

A wondrows indescribble servestion, almost

A wondrous, indescribable sensation, almost delirium, seized the fellow. It was the first prayer that had ever been offered for Quatorin—treacherous, wicked Qua orin—the first kind voice that had ever spoken to or o' him, and scalding tears, from eyes that had never wept till now coursed down his propagal and brighting till now, coursed down his bronzed and bristling

cheeks.

"Madame!" he exclaimed, at last, "if God can hear so wicked a wretch as I am, let Him mark down my thanks to you for what you have said to Him of me! Oh! if I could but live my life over, with that voice of prayer forever in my ears, I would be able to meet my Creator with an open face. Heaven bless and receive you, madame! But let me know, before I die, who you are that has done this kindness for me?"

"I am the Baronne de Cosgnac," answered that unfortunate lady.

"What! Possible! Why, madame, it is because of you that I am here. Last night I, and others bad as myself, were in a plot to rescue you from the Conciergerie. The plot was discovered—here is the consequence. I have been repeating to myself, the whole morning long: 'I have, at least, the consolation of knowing that I am to die in striving to do a good deed."

"Then be assured," said madame, gratefully pressing his horny palm, "that act is recorded to your credit, and will blot out much of an evil past—" I am the Baronne de Cosgnac," answered

Ha! there is the scaffold!" broke in Quatorin. with a start of dismay, and before madame could ask, as she had intended, who had con-ceived the plot, and its method, for her release. "Courage, friend, courage. And now, since sacred commune together with God has formed a tie between us, my last desire in this world is, that you and all the others may be spared the misery of seeing me die."

Quatorin's distended eyes were fixed and

The cramming, jostling crowd that followed and surrounded the solemn procession now widened out as more room was gained by the arrival at Place de la Revolution, where another and larger congregation of both sexes awaited the hour of execution.

The rain that threatened the night before had fallen in torrents, and now settied down to a cold, shivering drizzle, through which the hurrying figures of men and women moved like phantoms in a mirage.

There were wailings, greans and prayers that day. Fond ties were to be severed by the red hand of the executioner, sweetests thopes nipped almost at the verge of bloom; the last caress, the sobs and tears of loved ones agonized the souls of all who saw, excepting those grin and scowling minions waiting to drag their victims forth, delighting in the wholesale sacrifice that might, ever long, involve even themselves.

Old and young, almost childhood, shrunk aghast at the creeping prespect, for though the sun itself seemed shrouded as if in Heaven's horror of the orimes perpetrated on its every rising, none were spared who had been sent to the Conciergerie, whither our interest lies.

Madame Elise, who had not even been brought to trial—but who, through the effendish devising of Captain St. Liege, was known to be among the fated number—stood like a statue of muta and apathetic despair with the others who had been hustled from their cells preparatory to their march to the scaffold or said been hustled from their cells preparatory to the sum of the preparatory to the content of the content of the care of the preparatory to make the pr

to cal and deluded people, his mind was absorbed by another subject solely and continually, and his incessant muttering was:

"My money! My gold! My precious! My all! It is gone—gone. Oh, my money! I shall never get it back again, and will die a poor man at last. My curse on the nobility!—on all aristocrats!—on everybody and everything that was the cause of my leaving my store to be pillaged! Oh, my gold!"

Close to the pedestal, and glancing occasionally at Jean Valasque, were three rough-looking fishermen. But the disguise of clothes, whiskers and penciled faces could not conceal from the reader the presence of Latour de Cosgnac and his friends, the two young nobles.

Hardly had the long line of death-carts ranged around the bloody scaffold, when a fourth and final salvo belched from the signal-gun, and was followed by a fresh outburst on the part of the gazing population.

It is the task of history, and not of this story, to describe the curdling succession of decapitations which ensued upon the fourth signaling roar of the cannon—the brutal and un'iring arm of the executioner and the chopping thud of the great ax of the guillotine; for the scaffold, to expedite the horrible butchery, was a double one, having both guillotine and sword.

The turn of Madame Elise came last.

The shouts which had greeted each victim, as he or she mounted and knelt to receive the

unfortunates sentenced to the block.

A company of cavalry was in the van; mounted guards ranged upon each side of the long line of somber carts; a platoon of musketeers brought up the rear.

A sickening sight—those helpless men and wo-

hated nobility—so great was the bond of gratitude on their consciences.

"Oh, God! this is more than I can endure!" groaned Latour, staggering in the arms of his companions. "My mother! To see her die thus, and I unable to defend her! Can Heaven permit so gross a deed!" and he buried his face in his hands, sobbing like a child.

The soulful eyes of Madame Elise at that moment rested upon the three fishermen. She saw the reeling and supported form and the action that told of his weeping. She could not catch a glimpse of his disguised face, but something whispered to the mother's heart that it was Latour, compelled thus, helplessly, to witness her immolation. The smile on her lips grew fairly radiant, and for the first time tears trickled on her cheeks—tears of joy and thankfulness,

radiant, and for the first time tears trickled on her cheeks—tears of joy and thankfulness, even in that awful hour, to know that her darling son was still safe and free.

"God bless and preserve my son!" she breathed, at the moment that two men laid hold upon her, to force her to her knees for the stroke of the stained and reeking sword.

"Bear up, Monsieur Latour," urged one of his companions. "Remember this scene, be strong, and live for veng-ance."

"Bear up, Monsieur Latour," urged one of his companions. "Remember this scene, be strong, and live for veng-ance."

"They are murderers!" impetuously exclaimed the young man, in a loud tone.

"Who dared to make that speech? Point him out! Death to the nobility and all their sympathizers!" was the instant uproar.

"ne of the young nobles, with ready wit, and to save the life of Latour, promptly pointed to Jean Valasque, saying:

"It was he. That man up there."

A wild shriek burst from Jean Valasque, who was dragged from the pedestal, crushed to the ground and torn to pieces by a score of furious hands.

"Look! Look! Latour! What can be the meaning of that delay and trouble at the scaffold?"

A sudden commotion had occurred at the foot of the timbered steps, and a second later a fe-male figure elbowed through the mass, raced up the steps and threw her arms around the person of Madame Elise.

Her beautiful tresses floated in the wind and rain, and her lovely, eager and startled face, full of resentment and defiance, confronted the special few assembled on the scaffold.

special few assembled on the scaffold.

"You must not!—you shall not!" she screamed, desperately. "Have you not blood enough, already? Spare her!—or strike first through me!—for the same blow that takes her life must take mine, too! Strike!—strike now, while we stand thus!—but let the blade reach me first!"

The wonderfu! beauty and daring courage of the maiden produced an immediate and singular effect.

The Deputies of the Committees announced,

"The life of Madame Elise is spared; but she must quit France and never return."

A murmur passed from lip to lip; then a huzza that rent the air with an enduring echo arose from the ever-fluctuating and impulsive French

people.

The act of heroism touched a home chord in their spirit, and cheer after cheer greeted the savior and the saved as they were borne away in the same death-cart that had brought madame to the scaffold.

Had Captain Poilet St. Liege been present, according to his full intention, the rescue of Madame Elise would never have transpired. But St. Liege was not there, for a very good reason, nor had he been seen or heard of during the whole of that morning.

There is little more to add.

Pearline and her lover were thus strangely reunited, and the life of malame saved, through the goodness of Providence. The three fled to Germany.

Germany.

Before their departure, however, Latour had visited the shop of the apothecary on Rue Vivienne, and obtained at the hands of Perruewhom he bribed liberally—the casket which contained all the valuable papers requisite to prove the name and title of Pearline to the vertex extension of the provent of the contained all the valuable papers requisite to prove the name and title of Pearline to the vertex extension of the valuable papers requisite to prove the name and title of Pearline to the vertex extension of the provent of the valuable papers requisite to prove the name and title of Pearline to the vertex extension of the valuable papers requisite to prove the name and title of Pearline to the vertex extension of the apothecary on Rue Vi
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A ghastly tableau was discovered in the la- 29-A GIRL'S HEART. By Rett Winwood. boratory of the chemist.

Flat on the floor, upon his back, lay Poilet St.

Liege. Above and astraddle of him was Paschal Brocek. In the forehead of the latter, having penetrated all obstruction of bone, was a dagger driven to the hilt and still wedged firmly there. The white, sinuous fingers of the apothecary were coiled and griped rigid and with the sinuous fingers of the apothecary were coiled and griped rigid and with the sinuous fingers of the apothecary were coiled and griped rigid and with the sinuous fingers of the apothecary were coiled and griped rigid and with the sinuous fingers of the apothecary were coiled and griped rigid and with the sinuous fingers of the apothecary were coiled and griped rigid and with the sinuous fingers of the apothecary were coiled and griped rigid and with the sinuous fingers of the apothecary were coiled and griped rigid and with the sinuous fingers of the sinuous fi trozen, at the neck of St. Liege. Both had per-shed in the encounter which the captain sought when he learned that Paschal Broeck

vas his old enemy, by the oath of vendetta, Hurol Bonville.

The beautiful Pearline was wedded at last to her faithful lover, Latour de Cosgnac, and when they were joined by the Baron de Cosgnac—which happened when the disguised nobleman had followed the fortunes of Bonaparte until had followed the fortunes of Bonaparte until the latter was "rowned emperor in the church of Notre Dame—these four became a wondrous-ly happy and affectionate household, content with all that tends to beautify and comfort life, and caring naught for a lditional riches that might or might not have resulted from extensive litigation over the hereditary extates of St over the hereditary estates of St.

THE END.

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MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

My grandsire's clock stood in the hall,
Where it ticked the years away,
And lots of time did it consume;
'Twas hungry night and day.
'Twas long, and lank, and somewhat old,
But then it acted bad;
It ran quite fast when I had fun,
And slow when I was sad.

It counted all my youthful hours;
It told my mother, too,
When I was gone, how many hours
I had been overdue.
My "in a minute" by that clock
Was rather long-drawn-out;
It ended sometimes in dispute,
And I—I wasn't stout.

It told me when to go bed
Entirely too soon,
And then it brought the breakfast hour
Too previous to noon.
It went against me all the time,
And somehow made me sour,
And sixty little minutes made
What they would call an hour.

What slay about to play,
It interfered so much with time
When I'd go out to play,
That once I readjusted it
And—something was to pay.
Two dozen hours made a day,
When playing I would toil;
But when I vooked that awful clock
Was much in need of oil.

It ticked my childhood's days away
Before they seemed half through;
It brought me many a happy hour—
And many a licking, too.
Its tick, tick, tick rings in my ear
Familiarly to-day;
And it insinuates that I
Will soon be growing gr—een.

I've seen the time when that old clock
Was stuffed too full of time,
But then it brought the hour for meals—
And then it was sublime!
(I think I never missed a meal
And one I never earned);
Those hands have told off several hours
Which never have returned.

I watch that clock with other eyes
Than in the old time gone;
It tells me of the speed of time
And due-bills coming on.
Its tick, tick, tick is just the same
As what it used to be,
But then its meaning, I am sure,
Is different to me.

Tick on, old clock, the guide of Time,
Thy voice I love to hear!
And may it for a hundred years
Make music in my ear.
Deal out your time with careful hands;
The times are changed, you know;
Go lightly, smoothly on, old clock,
But—go a little slow!

Walt. Ferguson's Cruise.

A Tale of the Antarctic Sea.

BY C. D. CLARK,
AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLOAT," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," "TENTING IN THE
NORTH WOODS," ETC., ETC.

A VILLAINOUS COMPACT—THE SAILOR'S PERIL

THE YACHTSMAN TO THE RESCUE

—THE YACHTSMAN TO THE RESCUE.

In a low room of a sailor's haunt in the purlicus of a whaling city two men sat in close discussion. One was a sailor—you could be sure of that at a glance—and the other a gentleman, as far as fine clothing and the appearance of culture were concerned. Yet there was something in the lowering glance which he shot from under his heavily-arched eyebrows which was far from pleasant. He was a man somewhat past the middle age, who had evidently taken life easily, and proposed to do the same, if possible, during the remainder of his years.

His companion, the sailor, was a person whose face was not altogether bad, and yet who looked like one who might be tempted to do an evil deed, if by that he could advance his own interests. He had a look of cumping in his face now, and was in a mood to drive a hard bargain with the man before him.

"No more drink for me, Mr. Stanford," he said, pushing away the bottle. "It won't do for a man in liquor to try to drive a trade."

said, pushing away the bottle. "It won't do for a man in liquor to try to drive a trade. I'm Yankee enough to know that."

who led me to it? But with age comes reason, and I can see that the man who drinks is apt to give himself away in the end. After we come to terms I'll drink as long and as hard as you like."

with a scowling brow, but at last broke into a

The gentleman looked at him for a moment

Go on; you mean something else besides

Perhaps I do. Can't you see a point with-

They filled their glasses and drank a bumper to the success of their vile scheme; then the gen-cleman wrapped his cloak about him and hur-

"'A bad lot, a bad lot!" muttered the sailor, as he filled his glass again. "Curse the old skinfiint! He has been my bane all through life, and I suppose I must do his dirty work to the end of the chapter."

He sat there for an hour drinking glass after.

He sat there for an hour, drinking glass after

glass of the fiery liquor, until his brain was all in a whirl, when he rose and staggered from the place, with a dim idea that he must make

the place, with a dim idea that he must make his way to the ship which lay in the harbor. He worked his sinuous way along the streets until the cool air of the sea began to blow in his face, and he came out upon the wharf in full view of the shipping. A small dingy lay there; he entered her with difficulty and got out his oars, pushing away from the wharf and almost upsetting the boat in the attempt to recover his oar.

Jack, Jack!" he cried, in a tone of supreme contempt. "Here you are, drunk and disorderly; allers drunk when you get a day's liberty ashore. You ought to be keelhauled, my

erty ashore. You ought to be keemauled, my lad; that's what's the matter. Whoopee! Get

going free, with a merry party on board, most of whom were thinking of anything except the sailor in the dingy. Only one person, a grace-ful, handsome boy who had just raised the peak

ful, handsome boy who had just raised the peak and taken a turn to make fast, got his eye on the dingy for a moment.

"Ho, there!" he cried; "pull hard, you lubber—pull port, hard!"

"Lubber yourself, you young skip!" roared the sailor, resting on his oars directly under the bows of the yacht and leaning forward to shake

It was bright moonlight, and he was crossing the bows of a swift-sailing yacht, which was standing out of the harbor for a moonlight run,

no man knows that better than you: and

I thought you liked it."

care which

that

his fist at the erect figure on the quarter-deck eighty at the least and standing fully six feet

his fist at the erect figure on the quarter-deck forward.

"Starboard your helm, Dick!" shouted the boy. "Hard, boy, hard!"

The order was promptly obeyed, and the young fellow who gave the order leaped to the peak halyards designing to dip the peak. But the drunken sailor had resumed his oars, and pulled two hard strokes, and the sharp prow of the swift yacht struck the small boat, cutting her down in an instant, and they heard a horrible grating sound under the keel as the yacht passed over her.

"Throw her up into the wind, Dick!" shouted the young commander, as he bounded upon the rail, "and you, Ned, stand by to throw me a

Joining his hands above his head he hurled

Joining his hands above his head he hurled himself headforemost into the water, rising not far from the struggling sailor, who made a desperate attempt to clutch him. But the boy quickly eluded his grasp, and caught him by the thick hair upon the back of his head.

"No you don't!" he cried. "On your back, quick! I'll save you."

The sailor, drunk as he was, seemed to understand that he must obey; he flung himself on his back just as a coil of rope, thrown by a practiced hand, fell across the arm of the brave boy, who caught it with his disengaged hand and sung out to the men on the yacht to haul away. They obeyed promptly, and the two, the boy clinging to the hair of the sailor, were quickly dragged up to the side of the yacht. One of the yachtsmen, bending forward, caught the sailor yachismen, bending forward, caught the sailor by the shoulder, when the boy who had saved nim released his hold and clambered over the rail. Then they laid hold of Jack Maxwell and

dragged him aboard.
"All right, lads," said the boy. "How do you feel, old man?"

All right, lads, said the boy. "How do you feel, old man?"

The sailor rose slowly, shook himself like a water-dog emerging from a bath, and growled:

"You kid-glove sailors don't make no bones of running a man down, do ye?"

"They pick up the chips, howsomever, old boy," replied the man at the helm. "Dry up, you; ef it hadn't bin fur the boy, whar would ye be? In Davy Jones's locker, I reckon."

"That's you, eh, Dick Frisbee? Mighty crank you be, since you took to pond-sailing. Didn't yer cussid craft cut me in two, say?"

"A man that was fool enough to stop and shake his fist under the bows of a swift-sailin' clipper orter be cut in two. But stow that,

high.

Ben was a quiet, silent fellow—in fact, a regular taciturn giant, attended strictly to his duties, and was extremely slow in forming friend-

ships.
But the big mate and myself were by our du-But the big mate and myself were by our duties thrown much in contact, for we shared the middle watch together, and of course it wasn't in human nature that two men should pass hour after hour of the silent night together without indulging in conversation, particularly when one of the two men was an eager, inquisitive fellow like myself, with a passion for hearing strange stories; and I was fully satisfied, too, that the Big Mate was a walking Arabian Nights, full of strange tales.

At last my curiosity was gratified

that the Big Mate was a walking Arabian Nights, full of strange tales.

At last my curiosity was gratified.

One night, as we were slowly forging upstream with a big load of cotton on board, for once in his life Big Ben became communicative.

I had been relating some little adventures of my own on the upper river during the war, happening in and about the towns of Hard Times and Waterproof, when we Confeds used to lure the Yankee gunboat officers ashore, "hunting magnolias," as their pursuit of our fair and dashy Southern girls was commonly termed, and then bag them, body and boots.

"Women ar' wuss than Old Nick, sometimes," the mate earnestly remarked, when I had concluded my recital.

"Ah, you have some experience, then? Spin a yarn to while the tiresome hours away."

"Ah, you have some experience, then? Spin a yarn to while the tiresome hours away." For a wonder the big fellow consented.

"Have you ever been in Mexico?" he asked. I replied in the negative, for at that time I had never visited the land of Montezuma, although only a short time after this period of which I write, chance turned my wayward steps in that direction, and as one of the Foreign Legion I drew my sword in the service of the Austrian adventurer.

"Tiger led the way right straight through the town, trotting on ahead with his bushy tail wagging, and every once in a while turning his head around to see if I was following him.

"It was very early in the morning and there was hardly a soul stirring in the town.

"Tiger went right on through the town and then took a country road leading to the interior. We followed this road about five miles I suppose, and then we came to where a turbulent mountain stream was rushing down. It was in the spring, and the rains had swollen the 'branch' into quite a river.

"When we came to the stream the dog turned abruptly to the right, and took a sort of blind trail leading up the bank of the branch.

"It was a rough, uncertain pathway, and it was no easy job to follow it, but I stuck close to the dog's heels, much to his delight, and finally we came to a little sort of clearing, and upon the opposite bank was a small sort of cabin. The moment the dog caught sight of the cabin he sat down on his haunches, and pointing his nose at the hut gave a low growl.

"I jumped at the deficulty in a moment. Johnny was in the cabin. Some of the Guyamas Greasers had watched him come on shore, and knowing that he attended to the schooner's business had got the idea that he had money with him, and so had decoyed him to the lonely cabin; I felt sure that the boy was in there, but whether alive or dead I knew not.

"I forded the stream, and, just as cautious as a 'coon stealing into a hen-house, peeked into the house.

"Wal; there was about six Greasers stretched

a yarn to while the tiresome hours away."
For a wonder the big fellow consented.
"Have you ever been in Mexico?" he asked.
I replied in the negative, for at that time I had never visited the land of Montezuma, although only a short time after this period of which I write, chance turned my wayward steps in that direction, and as one of the Foreign Legion I drew my sword in the service of the Austrian adventurer.

"Wal, 'bout ten years ago I follered the sea for a living, and it so happened that I got on board of a leetle trading craft that picked up a living along the Gulf of California and tother waters near by. I was captain of the craft and had an interest in the venture; we did considerable trade and a deal more smuggling, and that's whar the profit came in.

"Wal, one fine day we came to anchor off Guyamas—mebbe you know whar the town is?" I signified that I did, and the story proceeded.

"Coon stealing into a hen-house, peeked into the house.

"Wal; there was about six Greasers stretched out asleep on the floor, and Johnny, all tied up in one corner. He was awake and saw me; I made him a sign to keep quiet, and stole into the house.

"Wal; there was about six Greasers stretched out asleep on the floor, and Johnny, all tied up in one corner. He was awake and saw me; I made him a sign to keep quiet, and stole into the house.

"Wal; there was about six Greasers stretched out asleep on the floor, and Johnny, all tied up in one corner. He was awake and saw me; I made him a sign to keep quiet, and stole into the room and then h'isted him outen it, jest as slick as a whistle. There was a gully jest right back of the house.

I grabbed a tree and Johnny all tied up in one corner. He was about six Greasers stretched out asleep on the floor, and Johnny, all tied up in one corner. He was about six Greasers stretched out asleep on the floor, and Johnny, all tied up in one corner. He was about six Greasers stretched out asleep on the floors, and spent to keep quiet, and stole into the pout as least to keep quiet, and st

With proper attention to the few hints we have suggested, nothing more need be considered necessary for stage appointments.

As regards the grouping of figures, a taste for light and shade will have to be studied. Too many brilliant colors are to be avoided. Should there be one figure in the picture on which the interest centers, and that a female figure, she should be dressed in white or black. The tallest figures should stand in the background, and there also the light-colored dresses should be placed. Two or three plainly-clothed figures show off the richly-trimmed ones.

The choice of subjects will depend a great deal upon what costumes are available, but it is surprising how effective different articles of wearing apparel may be made which in themselves were never intended for the work which they are made to do. Handsome table-covers or brocaded curtains make very effective trains and queens' robes, and shawls are invaluable for Turkish or Indian scenes.

An interesting picture, entitled "The Novice," may be produced in the following manner:—A tall gentleman, attired as a priest, stands at the center of the group with a prayer-book. At each side of him are placed two boys dressed in red and white, holding tapers. At his feet kneels a beautiful young lady with long hair (if it is light hair, all the better), dressed in a flowing robe of pure white. A nun in black, with a red cross on her breast, is in the act of cutting off the novice's hair, while a second nun stands ready to receive it; four or five kneeling nuns complete the picture. The music must be slow and solemn—that of a harmonium would be the best.

"Needle Money and Pin Money" might form

complete the picture. The music must be slow and solemn—that of a harmonium would be the best.

"Needle Money and Pin Money" might form another very interesting picture. It can be given by separating the stage into two scenes by means of a dark screen placed lengthwise. "Pin Money" is a lady seated at her toilet, which is handsomely furnished with pin-cushion, toilet-set, candles, etc. She should be attired in a very handsome dressing-gown of some brilliant color, and be occupied in counting the contents of a purse, while a dainty little maid, with pretty cap and apron is in the act of dressing her hair. In the background an elegant ball-dress should be gracefully hung across the back of a handsome chair. And if two pretty children, a boy and girl, could be persuaded to remain quiet enough to sit on the floor, engaged with a book or toy, it would increase the naturalness of the scene. The other side of the screen should be as great a contrast to the first as color and light could make it. A young girl of different complexion from the lady should be seated, very poorly dressed, by a common table, in the act of threading her needle by the light of a candle which is bu ned to the socket. Her work is on her lap; her face should be very pale and weary, and all her surroundings those of great poverty. All the colors of this scene should be dark. This tableau, when well done, is extremely effective.

"The Flower of the Family" will give amusement to the juvenile members of the audience. When the curtain is drawn a barrel of flour is discovered on the stage. About one minute is allowed to elapse, when out of the barrel arises the prettiest little girl that can be found, dressed in white, with flowers in her hair. As soon as she rises the curtains are immediately drawn.

"The Game of Chess," although troublesome as regards the costume, is very pretty. A lady and ge tleman, beautifully dressed in the costume of Louis XVI.'s time, are seated opposite each other playing chess. The expression of the gentleman's face is one

There are many other scenes which are more or less effective, but which depend a great deal upon the number of performers and the costumes which are available.

As a rule four or five forume, see the second

tumes which are available.

As a rule, four or five figures can be grouped and dressed quite as effectively as twelve or fifteen, for when a great number of persons are on the stage, unless great care is taken, they are apt to look too crowded and jumbled up together. Any of our readers may try the tableaux described above, with a certainty of a fair measure of success.



"Johnny fainted dead away with fright, for down the gully came the biggest land-slide you ever did see."

Jack Maxwell growled something in reply which was hardly audible; but at this moment a whale - boat, pulling four oars, came up

'Hail that boat!" he growled. "It's my old

Hall that boat!" he growled. "It's my old man."

But it was not necessary. The men in the boat had seen the accident and its result, and Jack Maxwell was helped over the rail into his own boat, looking hard at the young fellow who had saved him, for it began to dawn upon his mind in a misty kind of way that he had something to be thankful for. But the yacht filled away on her course and the whale-boat pulled for the ship, Jack hardly hearing the gentle anathemas piled upon his head by his captain. He went below at once, and did not come on deck until the day was breaking; then the captain was on deck, getting the ship ready to sail, for Jack was too valuable as a mate to quarrel with while yet in harbor. He was sober enough now, and set to work with a will.

"There's a boat coming off to us, Captain laugh. "Let it go at that, Jack," he said. "I, for one, am glad that you are coming to your senses, for you know well that you would have been in command of a ship long ago but for that one failing. Now, to business: I am going to send a boy to sea with you, this cruise—a boy who has been everything evil, and I want you to break his spirit or break his neck, I don't much care which."

out it is put in shape to suit you?"

"Yes, I might understand, but I want you to state it in so many words. Would you be very much grieved if the boy never came back?"

The gentleman looked quickly over his shoulders of the same than the same transfer or the s

"There's a boat coming off to us, Captain stone," he announced.
"Yes," growled the captain; "I've got to be vet nuss to a young lubber who is going to sea or fun. I'll fun him before the cruise is over. der as if to see if any one was watching, and

then bent closer.

"Look here, Jack," he said; "on the day when you come back and say that this young cub, whom I hate, is in a place from which he cannot return, I will pay you five thousand dollars and give you the command of the Flying Cloud. What do you say?"

"It is a bargain! I'll see to it that he never comes hack" A shore-boat shot up to the side, in which sat wo passengers—Mr. Stanford and a boy not far rom nineteen years of age, who, disdaining the se of the whip, caught a line and ran up the ide with the agility of an old salt. He was followed more slowly by Mr. Stanford, who adapted to the side of the centric.

anced to the side of the captain.
"This is my nephew, Walter Ferguson, Capain Stone," he said. "I leave him in your are, but I trust in my old friend Jack Maxwell make a sailor of him."

to make a sailor of him."

The boy, a handsome young fellow, full of life and spirit, looked quickly at the mate, and broke into a short laugh, while a look of horror came into the face of the mate. For, in the lad he had promised to destroy, he recognized the youthful commander of the yacht who had saved his life twelve hours before!

(To be continued.)

The Greasers of Guyamas.

A Tale Told in the Middle Watch.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

RIGHT after the close of the war I found myself in New Orleans, sans occupation, sans money, sans almost anything, except influence, and once in a while in this brief life of ours influence is a very good thing to possess, and so it happened, thanks to my friends, that in a very short time I obtained a berth as clerk on the Sunflower Belle, a little river packet plying between New Orleans and the little ports down below.

e pay was not large, but it was a living, and I was quite satisfied.

Every man in this world has his story, the old saying says, and there was one man on board of the Sunflower Belle whom I was quite satisfied. fied not only had one story but a dozen of them; this was our mate, Ben Dedakin, or Big Ben, as he was commonly called.

The mate well deserved this name, for he was a full do a brawny fellow, weighing a hundred and the dog.

As mean a hole as ever I got into!" the mate exclaimed, emphatically; "and the people, as a rule, as big a set of skunks as I ever met with. You see I'm speaking of the town as it was in 'fity-five; mebbe it's better now.

"Wal, we had on board the Donna Ana—that

was the name of the little schooner—one of the brightest and smartest boys I ever laid eyes on. He was about seventeen, Johnny Clare by name, brightest and smartest boys I ever laid eyes on. He was about seventeen, Johnny Clare by name, and he war as spry and as chipper as they make 'em. He had run away from home to seek his fortune, drifted 'way off to California, pretty near starved to death in the mines, and was mighty glad to get a berth on the Donna Ana. He soon became a pretty fa'r seaman, an', as he had a good education, he took charge of all the accounts. We had a great big Newfoundland dog on board the craft that I picked up in the streets of Frisco one day, and the liking that sprung up between the boy and the dog was really wonderful. Johnny never went anywheres without the dog and the dog never went anywheres without Johnny.

"Wal, as I was a-tellin' you, we came to anchor one day off Guyamas. Johnny went ashore as usual, to attend to business, taking the dog along. We had stopped at Guyamas three or four times before, and the boys had a good deal of fun with Johnny in regard to a pretty witch of a Mexican girl, the daughter of the keeper of a drinking-shop. I didn't like the looks of the old man, and I used often to warn Johnny that he'd be likely to get his throat cut if he didn't quit foolin' round the Greaser girl. But, you can't talk sense to a boy, particularly when there's a woman in the case.

"We cast anchor at noon and Johnny expect-

when there's a woman in the case.
"We cast anchor at noon and Johnny expect-

"We cast anchor at noon and Johnny expected to be back in a couple of hours, but he was very often detained, for these Greaser chaps are mighty slow fellows to do business with; and so, as the afternoon wore away, and Johnny didn't return, we were not at all alarmed, but when the twilight began to come on and no Johnny we began to feel a little uneasy. We knew that there was as vile a set of cutthroats in the town as you could scare up in all Mexico, and we begun to think that, mebbe, the Greasers had got it into their heads that, as Johnny came on shore to attend to schooner's business, he had a lot of money about him, and I reckon that there was many a man in that town at that time that would gladly cut a man's throat for a single golden ounce. Johnny had the dog with him, though, and we knew that if there was any trouble the dog could be safely counted on to do his share of the fighting, for he was big and powerful and plucky enough to myll down. owerful, and plucky enough to pull down a bull.

"Wal, I tell you, colonel, it was an anxious night to us schooner boys, for Johnny didn't put in an appearance, but the first thing, in the morning, the dog made his appearance on the shore and set up a howl.

"Tiger was a remarkable dow, he could all

morning, the dog made his appearance on the shore and set up a howl.

"Tiger was a remarkable dog; he could almost talk, that dog could, and when he set up that howl, he said just as plain as a man could, 'Come quick, for thar's trouble.' I just seized my weapons, jumped into the boat, and the boys pulled me to the shore. The dog commenced to bark, jumped up on me, then run off a little way and wagged his tail. I understood what he meant just as well as if he had talked it out. He said: 'Come on—come quick, for there's mischief afoot!' Yes, sir-ee! the dog said that, just as cute as any human could have done. I told the men in the boat to wait for me, for I was armed to the teeth, and felt confident that with my revolvers I was a match for a full dozen of the greasers, to say nothing of the dog.

"Johnny got over the fright in time, but he never hankered much after that for black-eyed gals, particularly them pieces of calico hanging out round Guyamas."

Tableaux Vivants.

SOME PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENTS FOR WIN-TER EVENINGS—INSTRUCTIONS AS TO THE ARRANGEMENTS OF THE STAGE AND GROUP-OF THE FIGURES-SUBJECTS FOR TAB

THERE are few amusements which give so much entertainment to young and old as the performance of tableaux vivants, and winter of all others is the period when the ingenuity of hundreds of young people in town and country houses will be taxed to the utmost to invent and arrange artistic groups for their entertainments.

Tableaux do not involve the trouble of "study," as plays and charades do, and with the help of a person with a fair knowledge of the help of a person with a fair knowledge of color and grouping, they may be easily arrang-ed in a very short time. There is no chance of disagreement as regards the choice of parts, for all the characters may be equally well placed and well dressed

and well dressed.

In a country house where there is a hall or gallery, a stage can be constructed with very little difficulty at one end of it, and, with a screen or curtain to form a border, scarcely anything else in the way of scenery will be required. Those who have the usual double drawing-room in which to arrange their pictures may also be sure that, with proper attention to details, they will be as successful as people who have greater space at their command.

In a drawing-room the stage should be about three feet from the ground, and about ten feet square, but we have seen very effective tableaux without a raised stage at all. One most important requisite, however, is abundant light. and well dressed

portant requisite, however, is abundant light, for upon this the success of the entertainment almost entirely depends. Footlights must not be thought of, as they throw dark and unbecoming shadows on the counterpage. ing shadows on the countenance. The best way of lighting the stage is *from the side*. Two carriage-lamps, or reflector-lights, on each side of the folding-doors, will answer the purpose. The floor must always be covered with a dark drugger than the counterpart and always be covered with a dark drugger. floor must always be covered with a dark drugget, and a curtain made of calico of a dark shade, opening in the center, must be provided. A very high screen, to form a background, will complete the properties, if we except a piece of black tarletan nailed tightly across the doors between the audience and the figures.

The audience must not be placed too close to the stage. There should be a space of about four yards to separate the spectators from the actors.

dour yards to separate the spectators from the actors.

Moonlight may be produced by fastening green glass in front of the lights; firelight by doing the same with red glass. There should, of course, be one person of the party chosen to be stage manager. He should have the grouping of all the pictures, and should not perform in them himself. To provide appropriate music for each tableau should be the task of a different person, and two others should do nothing else but attend to the curtain, for it is most imlse but attend to the curtain, for it is most im-ortant that it should be drawn and closed at

Ripples.

It is possible for a man to know his own mind and yet know very little.

"DYING in poverty," says our cynic, "is nothing. It is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."

THE busy bumble-bee has gone into its hole for a spell, and the busy spelling-bee comes forth for another spell.

If one strives to treat others as he would be treated by them, he will not fail to come near the perfect life.

It is the liar who wants to knock you down for doubting his word. The honest man will stop to argue matters. SAYS an exchange—"Even small boys carry rms in this town." Awful, ain't it? Even the ittle flowers carry pistils.

If "every man is the architect of his own fortune," the most of them had better abandon architecture and go to sawing wood.

Some people act as though they had been in-oculated with stupidity, while others act as though they had it in the natural way.

A CINCINNATI divine honestly explains: "I don't believe in horse-racing, but then I do so nate to have any one pass me on the road." GENTLEMAN: "I say, waiter, I've just cracked this egg. Look at it." Waiter: "Don't look every nice at that end, sir, I must say. Try the

"This business is being carried too far," shouts the end-man minstrel in his search tround the stage; "here, some one's stolen my

THE Keokuk young fellows will only court girls hereafter in houses run on the European plan. Some obdurate parent has been charging hem for extra meals.

"PANTS for \$ '?" said a seedy-looking man, reading the sign in the window of a clothing-store he was passing—"so do I. I never panted so for \$5 in all my life."

An American doctor has been giving the Spaniards kerosene baths to cure them of consumption, and some of the patients think they feel a good deal better than they did. They will

make good lamp wicks in time. Scene in a Police Court: "Prisoner, how many barrels of potatoes did you say you stole?" "Seven, yer Honor; three yesterday and two to-day." "Well, but that's only five." "Och! sure, I'm goin' for the others whin I git out o' this!"

AT an auction art sale the other day a marine At an auction art sale the other day a marine view was about to be knocked down at a handsome figure, when a bluff sailor, who had happened to wander in, exclaimed: "My stars, if there ain't a vessel drifting onto the rocks with a strong breeze blowing off shore!" The artist took his work home to rearrange the wind.

INDIANAPOLIS schools will hereafter study the INDIANAPOLIS schools will hereafter study the science and geometry of dress. It will be beautiful to hear these girls talking about the hypothenuse of a Princess's train or the acute angle of a tight-fitting boot. Geometry of dress! Gewhilikins! Blue Jeans, put on your right-angle triangled overcoat, and go down to Silk & Buttons's, and get me a conic section of pale-blue ribbon. Git!

Ir is easier for the average small boy to tug up-hill with his sled for half an hour, with the hope of coasting down in just three minutes, and to do this fourteen times in succession, than to dread his little victor on the told cover defeat. portant that it should be drawn and closed at the proper time.

The performers should be sufficiently numerous to prevent the necessity of the same persons appearing consecutively, since the changing of costumes will take up considerable time.

to do this fourteen times in succession, than to drag his little sister on that self-same sled for two blocks. The hardest and most tiresome work in the world is to do what you don't want to do. How heavy our feet are when the task is disagreeable, and how light they are when it's all fun!